

FORUM

and Century

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MARCH

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POWER AND THE NEW DEAL

Two Opposing Viewpoints

ARTHUR E. MORGAN

ELON HUNTINGTON HOOKER

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★ Natural color photograph—Maunakea Street, Honolulu—noted for its picturesque lei vendors.

Hawaii



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—that the sweetness of their music springs from the splendor of their story—

—and that it is because of their industrial and cultural accomplishments, deep-rooted in the finest American traditions, that these islands have come to mean so much to the world.

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THE FORUM AND • CENTURY

MARCH, 1935



VOL. 93, NO. 3

“HOLD, ENOUGH!”

Editorial Foreword

THE PRESS has recently treated the public to an exhibit *ad nauseam* of a famous trial for murder, the infamous Hauptmann trial at Flemington, New Jersey. For week after week the courthouse in Flemington rather than the White House in Washington was the news capitol of America. Comment on important utterances of President Roosevelt has been suppressed to make room for the elaborate testimony of handwriting experts. The failure of our business negotiations with Russia has been subordinated to descriptions of the facial expressions of female jurors at Flemington and the private amours of insignificant witnesses. Even the tragedy that occurred when a minority of our Senate rejected the World Court was overshadowed in the news by the lurid headlines of the Hauptmann trial.

The scholarly and science-loving *New York Times* has felt obliged to give four full pages to this trial on relatively quiet days. Seven hundred correspondents have been quartered on this New Jersey village, including some of the most vivid and highly paid writers of American prose. Every gesture, every stuttered word has been flashed to the four corners of the planet. Traveling in Canada the other day I found pages and pages from Flemington in an otherwise sober Montreal newspaper. The outstanding item that evening was the description

of how a blush was observed mounting on the back of the neck of Colonel Lindbergh.

Surely in the relative civilization of that day the feeding of Christian captives to the lions in the Colosseum could not have been more revolting to serious citizens than is the continued persecution of Colonel Lindbergh, exposed to prying scrutiny, sitting day after day in the foul air of a crowded courtroom in his third year of sacrifice to the underworld and the pandering of public curiosity. As decent young people who tried to keep out of the limelight it is tragic that the Lindberghs were victims of a crime that made the least episode of their domestic lives a matter of official record. That they should be the victims of the disgraceful orgy that has been enacted at Flemington is worse than tragic — it is shameful.

LOW LEVEL OF DECENCY

THE HAUPTMANN trial marks the low-water level of decency in America. On Sundays sight-seers swarmed through the courtroom. On week-days the Sheriff had requests of 5,000 seats. The courtroom was packed with rouged flappers, ex-pugilists, society queens, and other curiosity seekers who often created disorder with their talk and laughing and had to be rebuked by the judge. An actress declared the show “good theater.” These spectators seem to

forget that this was no theatrical performance but a trial for murder growing out of a dastardly crime.

Outside the courtroom the trial was commercialized to the verge of indecency. Replicas of the ladder introduced as evidence were hawked as souvenirs. Restaurants served "Hauptmann beans," "Jafsie chops," "Lindbergh steak."

Out of that little courthouse at Flemington each day of the trial 300,000 words were shot into space. Whole forests were mowed down to supply the wood pulp on which to reproduce these lurid words and convey them to every allegedly civilized home in the world. What possible social good is achieved by this operation? Surely it is not necessary to remind us that crime is still abroad in the land and that Christianity has not yet prevailed.

Surely the time will come when the American people will not allow murders to be tried in the newspapers in advance of the court proceedings. The time will come when a mistrial will be declared if any party to the proceedings, whether the accused or the attorney for the prosecution or the defense, gives out any interview or statement of his plans to the press. In that coming new era of decency photographers and sob sisters alike will be excluded from the courtrooms.

The spectators at any court proceeding should be as strictly limited as the witnesses of an execution. Public interest will be served sufficiently if exact transcripts of the proceedings are issued to the press on condition that newspapers quote from the record without comment until judge or jury reaches a decision.

How differently does the press treat a murder trial in England, and how much more swift and matter-of-fact the court proceedings! In a recent address Colonel Henry L. Stimson, former Secretary of State, related his experience of a murder trial in Great Britain. "Just as we were leaving home a brutal murder, which in this country would be called highly sensational, occurred in England. Its details filled the American newspapers as we went to our ship. . . . When on a Saturday we landed at Southampton, we found that the criminal had already been apprehended, an indictment had already been duly found, all of the preliminary preparations for trial had already been made, and the

trial itself had been set for the following Monday. . . . In America the mere impaneling of a jury in such a case would have been a matter of days or perhaps weeks. In England it lasted a few minutes. The trial itself lasted only two days, and by Tuesday afternoon the case had been finished, the counsel had summed up, the judge had charged, and the jury had rendered a verdict of guilty."

But, American editors will reply, we must have drama; newspapers must dramatize crime in order to have circulation and maintain their existence. Now I submit that there are other things for newspapers to dramatize in addition to crime. And there are more readers than some publishers suspect who do not require drama at all, who prefer sober facts. Apart from the hysterical mob which is supposed to clamor for nothing but rubbish there are millions of quiet citizens who would welcome any newspaper willing to assume responsibility for public decency. Against the millions who grab for murder and adultery on the front page are other millions eager to learn about the progress of science, about successful breaches in the jam of foreign trade, about quiet, effective workers behind the scenes as well as the thrilling exploits of heroism which take place somewhere every day of the year.

HOW TO BUILD CIRCULATION?

ANOTHER SUGGESTION — and I think it is a good one — I submit to newspapers which need big circulation. The American people are just as interested in the behavior of children and adolescent youth as they are in the escapades of criminals. We can give the youth movement front page space that will crowd out the deeds of the footpads. Instead of attempting to forestall and prolong the course of justice let the newspapers offer prizes for athletic contests that will lure the youth from the streets of the slums into the open parks and the suburbs. A William Randolph Hearst or a local publisher Maecenas can set up daily awards for brave acts of youthful chivalry. He can offer prizes for teams in debating and civics.

The Editor of THE FORUM will welcome suggestions from the reading public for making our newspapers clean as well as dramatic.

Henry Goddard Leach

POWER AND THE NEW DEAL

Two Opposing Viewpoints

ARTHUR E. MORGAN AND ELON HUNTINGTON HOOKER

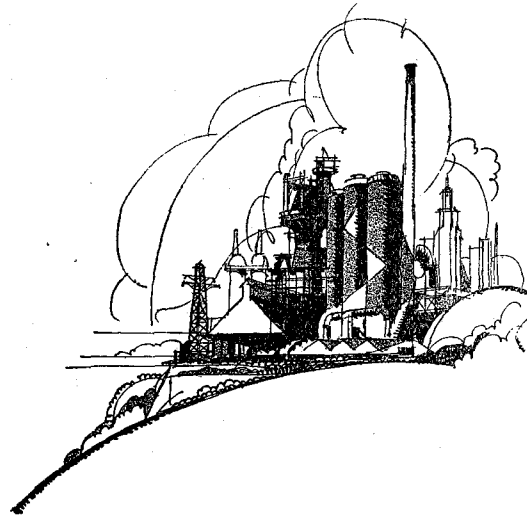
Selfish Interests Must Go

BY DR. MORGAN

WHEN PRESIDENT Roosevelt announced the program of the New Deal, a thrill ran through the American people. Here was a new vision. It stirred the hope that we were not merely to lift ourselves out of the terrible depression into which we had sunk but that we might start out on a new road to a fairer chance for the average man, to a more general fulfillment of the possibilities of modern civilization, to less frustration of reasonable hope and of normal aspiration.

While the New Deal was being outlined for the country as a whole, the President wished to set aside a relatively small area in which that program might have more detailed and intensive application. By describing efforts to apply the New Deal to some of the problems met in the Tennessee Valley, we can see, by actual cases, what are some of the changes in habit and outlook which are necessary to the realization of the whole program.

In this region, for example, counties were laid out a century ago, before the time of roads or modern transportation facilities. They were the natural units of local government, for most farmers could get to the county seat, do their business, and return home in a day. With the building of good highways these small counties become unnecessary, and they represent a great waste. A full set of officers must be elected for each county and maintained by taxation. This local taxation is one of the heaviest burdens of the rural communities. In some counties there is work enough to keep the officers busy for only half a day each week. Compulsory loafing on



the job adds to the tax burden and tends to destroy the morale of public officials.

If counties could be consolidated to one fifth of the present number, the local tax rate might be cut in two, and a far higher quality of service rendered. However, the local office-holders do not want to give up their jobs, and they oppose such consolidations. Having most of their time free for politics, they have much influence. President Roosevelt has emphasized strongly the need for consolidation of local governments. It can come most quickly if those involved can forget the immediate personal benefits to themselves and can come to see the general good as the foundation for their own good.

II

LET US TAKE another case. Among other aims of the Tennessee Valley Authority is the establishment of a yardstick for the development of electric power. President Roosevelt and others wished to have a means of measuring the reasonableness of power rates over the country. All over America, great utility companies have been developing power-installation and power-distribution systems. They have

made a great contribution to our country and have added much to the convenience of living. There has been an element of trusteeship in that development and there has also been an element of exploitation. Very often the capitalization of those companies is not an honest estimate of what they reasonably cost but includes also a great deal of imaginary investment, of "water," and the rates charged are often rates which make it possible to pay dividends not only on honest investment but also on the water that was added simply by writing it on the books.

The President wishes that somewhere in America there should be a case of public generation, distribution, and sale of power. He is of the opinion that power developed in this country ought not everywhere to be a public project, that private development of power has decided advantages and ought not to be abandoned. But he feels there ought to be here and there cases of public ownership which can serve as comparisons. And if they are to serve as comparisons, they must be open and aboveboard, with nothing hidden. They must be fair, with no special, arbitrary advantages. They must pay taxes, just as private utility companies must do, and every other reasonable charge, if they are to provide us with a fair comparison.

The program is under way. Whether it indicates that government ownership and operation are superior to private or vice versa, I believe events should determine. I believe that criticism of that program ought always to be free. I think, however, that criticism ought to be fair; and wherever there is an effort to misrepresent, to cloud the issue, to mislead the public and so to discredit such an undertaking because certain investors might suffer — there I think we have one of the evidences of how hard it is to establish anything new in our lives. Dividends have been paid through the years on securities which represent no outlay of money, and yet there is resentment at the suggestion that these imaginary values should be written off. This is an illustration of the difficulty of instituting the New Deal.

We believe that electric power has possibili-

ties for the people that have not been realized. If the situation could be met by the power industry in a spirit of trusteeship rather than in a spirit of exploitation and if the aim of the industry were to give the public the most possible for its money, with a reasonable return to the investors on the actual investment, electric power could be made a service and a convenience to the average man that it is not now. It is a luxury, where it could be a very widely used necessity.

The increased use of water power may temporarily decrease the use of coal. Since coal once consumed cannot be replaced, whereas water power constantly replenishes itself, it would seem to be sound public policy to use water power to the utmost. Moreover,

heat is only one value from coal. There is a strong possibility that within a century or two coal will produce our food, our chemicals, and a large part of the materials used in industry. It is chiefly valuable as a chemical and a source of raw materials. The time will come when to burn coal for fuel will seem as wasteful as to burn corn or sugar.

The coal companies of Alabama are endeavoring to block the development of the Tennessee Valley Authority, because water power is a competitor of coal as a fuel. It is a case in which immediate private interest is made dominant as against the general, long-time good of the public.

Widespread use of electricity will lead to electric refrigeration, so that ice manufacturers have organized and with the coal producers are trying in the courts to block the program of the Tennessee Valley Authority.

III

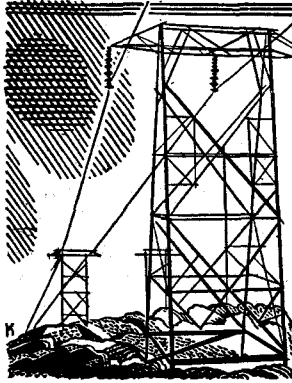
LET US TAKE another case, this time in a very different field. Government in America has not been a complete success. In fact, democracy is somewhat in question, so far as it exists. The very stability of our political life is in danger. It is in danger from many sources. It is in danger from big business. We have been trying to carry out a government project in a straightforward, businesslike manner and we have learned the meaning of the phrase "more

Dr. Morgan, an engineer by profession, has devoted much of his life to public service on conservation and reclamation projects and has been Chairman of the TVA since 1933. An intellectual pioneer, he founded Antioch College, an outpost of education which breaks with traditional thought, and has been its president since 1922. He is an outstanding advocate of a restricted capitalism.

business in government." We have learned that it has meant that when we come to let contracts, private interests, sometimes great industrial corporations, will stoop to political pressure to have contracts let to those with political favor.

But there is another menace that I think even more dangerous. To speak plainly, I mean the element of political patronage which runs through our political life, through all parties and all sections. I believe this is perhaps the greatest of the menaces to democracy. We are none too certain that democracy will survive, that government of the people can endure. In a large part of Europe it has fallen by the wayside, and there is no democratic government. I believe that the source of its greatest weakness is political patronage. The failure of government officials to do a good job is not always due to the fact that abler men are not available. It is very often due to the fact that the abler man is set aside because someone else has enough political power to secure an appointment. If you think of the simple realities of the situation, you will see how impossible it is to get good work done if the people who do that work are chosen because they have the power to get an income from the government. We have men in public office who use their positions in order to build up private or political power, rather than to get the public work done in the best possible way. That, I believe, is a conspicuous failure in patriotic loyalty.

When we get inside an organization such as the Tennessee Valley Authority, we find that the same trends that lead to patronage can lead to similar evils within an organization. A man wants his brother or his son or his son-in-law or his nephew on the job. He reports that he has discovered the ablest available man and he may not mention that this "ablest" man is his relative or a man who owes him money which he will pay when he gets a job. That tendency to put the immediate interest before the general good is one of the destructive influences in our national life and one reason why the New Deal has such a difficult road to travel.



Wherever we turn we find that things as they are have become the basis of some personal interest. All the disabilities of our economic system have been taken advantage of in some way. For instance, go to a small town and you will commonly find five times as many merchants as are necessary. Four out of five are economic parasites. If that town could reorganize

itself and have one fifth as many merchants and have the other four fifths of its leading citizens doing other services — taking care of the public health of the community, establishing dental and medical clinics, giving vocational guidance to the young people — we would have a better town. If the town can support five times as many people serving the public as are necessary to run its stores, why not support people performing neces-

sary services rather than people who are duplicating services which are already being performed? And yet, whenever any organization has made an effort to eliminate a superfluity of personnel in any field, there is at once the cry that it is interfering with private interests.

IV

I THINK that one way to get over the extreme unemployment in the Tennessee Valley region, and to overcome extreme lack of economic organization here and to the east and south is through co-operative effort, through getting people who have no way to make a living to organize themselves and use the resources of their communities in building an economic life in a co-operative way, so that they themselves get the fruits of their efforts. And yet, as soon as such a movement is undertaken, it is attacked because it may interfere with private business.

Perhaps 2,000 people will live at Norris, the town we are building near Norris Dam. We will need a drugstore. We have been discussing what we will have to sell there. Shall we sell the most advertised patent medicines or shall we have competent physicians determine what shall be sold and sell only those with actual medicinal value and tell the truth about them on the packages? If that is done there will be

objections from the patent-medicine manufacturers and vendors and all such people with special interests in exploiting the ignorance of the common man.

In working out a program to make it possible for people to buy electric utensils for their homes and to promote the wider use of electricity in the home, we find new objections. We have been trying to reduce the overhead of the middleman, trying to deliver the goods to the consumer at a price nearer the cost of manufacture. But the middleman claims the right in his middlemanship and wants his conventional profits. He objects if anything interferes with his adding to the cost of the product for his benefit. We have been planning the distribution of fertilizer to the farmer. Today the farmer can scarcely afford it. And between the manufacturer and the farmer there is a very considerable accumulation of charges along the way. We are trying to reduce those charges and make the fertilizer reach the farmer at nearer the cost of manufacture. The middlemen object. We are touching their vested interests.

We Americans have been in the habit of using our natural resources in the way that will bring us the quickest profits. I have recently mentioned a certain county near the Tennessee Valley that was once rich in timber, in oil, and in natural gas. If the men who got possession of those resources had treated them in a spirit of trusteeship, they could have made a local prosperity to last for centuries. But the resources were captured very cheaply by certain "rugged individualists," and before they sold or abandoned the land the timber resources were dissipated, the gas was used up — sometimes just burned to make lamp-black, all of its valuable heat properties wasted — the oil was shipped out. Those rugged individualists, after they had stripped the region, went away themselves with the profits of their operations and left their workmen behind, with no thought of their care. Those workmen are in extreme poverty — three quarters of them are on public relief. The school system is breaking down. Such diseases as tuberculosis, pellagra, and trachoma are rampant. Public order is defective — because those who had charge of the resources looked upon the immediate gain to themselves as more important

than the long-time good of the community.

V

WHEN WE TRY to change the spirit of "rugged individualism" in the treatment of natural resources, we have difficulties. Our whole economic life is a maze of self-centered organizations — economic, social, political — arranged in view of their immediate benefit.

Primarily in business the spirit of trusteeship must take the place of the spirit of getting all that the individual can for himself and his own immediate benefit. That spirit of trusteeship does exist in business to-day. If it did not, our whole industrial structure would tremble. But it exists only in part, and the spirit of exploitation, the spirit of working for the immediate benefit at the expense of society, is so common and so permeates the industrial structure that often it poisons the spirit of trusteeship. It is from such poisoning that we have suffered since 1929.

If the spirit of trusteeship in business should prevail, there would then be no issue between public and private ownership or between socialism and capitalism. Suppose the average businessman should look upon his place as the president of a great university looks upon his. The university president does not buy tracts of land near the university to sell them at a profit and make a hundred thousand dollars out of the deal. He could not have any self-respect, he could not have the regard of the public, if they should know it. He is a trustee and he makes no profit. He gets no personal gain except a living income that the public knows about. Suppose business as a whole were so motivated. Suppose the businessman, after taking a modest income out of his business, should feel that to make any more profit would be a disgrace, as a university president would feel. If that spirit of trusteeship should prevail, if business administration were working for the common good and expected to profit through that common good, there would be no problem of economic government.

In official life it is the same. If public officials were officials in the spirit of trusteeship and of disinterested service, if public acts were for the sake of the public good and not for the sake of building powerful political organizations, then again that would settle the issue of

public and private ownership, because public operations would be carried through with integrity and economy. If this spirit should obtain in both public and private life, the management of business, whether it be public or private, would be decided not on abstract theory but by experience and by the convenience and suitability of the particular case. Then, as in our state universities and our endowed universities, public and private effort would exist side by side.

Here is a great truth — the sum of many truths: enlightened selfishness is not an adequate guide to living. Life is too complicated. There is no enlightenment that is so keen it can see through to the end. Consider the last ten years. Some worldly-wise individuals were going to be independent of the welfare of the country as a whole. They were going to take theirs and let the rest of the people find out

afterward. But they failed, and, had it not been for a large body of solid good citizenship, civilization would have failed with them.

As a small boy, I heard a story about how the East Indians catch monkeys. According to the story, they take a coconut and cut a hole in it barely big enough for the monkey's empty hand to pass through. In it they place some lumps of sugar and then fasten the coconut to a tree. The monkey squeezes his hand inside the coconut and grasps the sugar and then tries to draw out his fist. But the hole is not large enough for his closed fist to go through, and greed is his undoing, for he will never give up the prize.

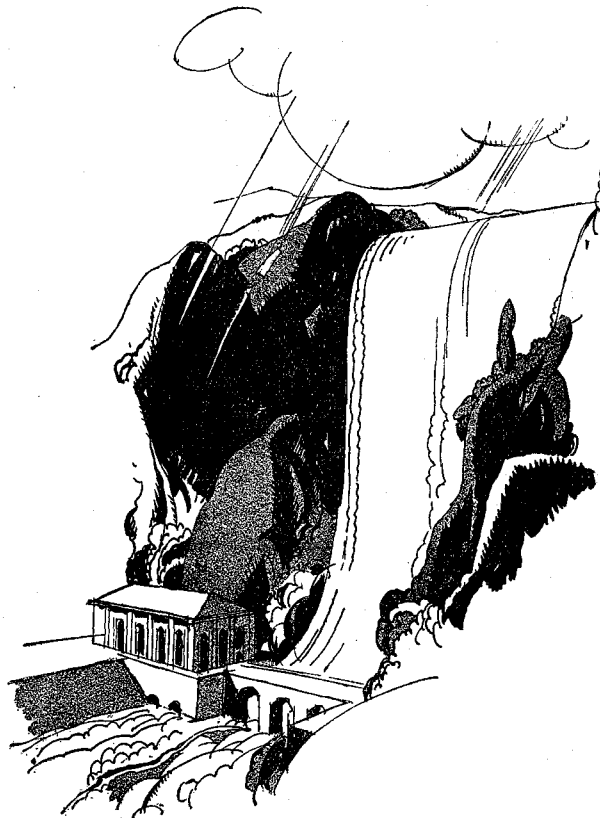
American business to some degree is in the same situation. It is not yet willing to give up the sugar. Only so far as it becomes willing to relinquish this grasp can the New Deal survive and be a reality.

Keep Government Out of Business

BY MR. HOOKER

TWENTY YEARS ago, when I would walk through Wall Street, certain important conservatives would not speak to me; I was considered too much of a radical. With the first Roosevelt I fought for reform — real reform — and my ideas on that subject are much the same today as they were then. But now I am looked upon as a conservative, a member of the Old Guard. Worse — I am a specimen of that truly Forgotten Man who does not and who never did believe in the "New" Deal. There is nothing new about it. More precisely, I have never believed that the security and happiness of the individual man is to be found in yielding his sovereignty to the state. And that — if I may flatly disagree with Dr. Morgan — is the essence of the New Deal. That idea has come from the Eastern World since the day of Genghis Khan, and Western men have found in it a challenge to their belief that the state should be their servant and not their master.

John Maynard Keynes, the British econo-



mist, has repeatedly urged his philosophy of "government spending until it hurts" upon England, but she has rejected this native-born policy. England is old and wise. She has "saved and taxed until it hurts" and now is smiling on the road to recovery. Keynes was listened to

by forty leaders of American industry, finance, and economics last year. He won no converts but unhappily he sold his ideas to inexperienced and adventurous Washington. We are carrying them out and artfully postponing the taxes. The national debt is nearing the staggering total of thirty-four billions of dollars, and the end is not in sight. A new and ambitious public-works program is contemplated. Yet it is becoming increasingly apparent that these enormous expenditures of public funds to induce recovery have not brought the desired results. How useful if some Gutzon Borglum could carve in imperishable stone on some majestic cliff near our political citadel a few economic Thou Shalt Nots — futilities which the ages and many lands have proven — as he has graven the heads of great Americans on our mountaintops.

Thirteen national associations of economists, just met in Chicago, warned of the danger of public-works expenditures giving the spoils system a new impetus. That political cleverness can postpone the day of reckoning until the administration perpetrating it is out of office does not excuse the scandalous purchase of political power that is going on in this country nor the supineness of a citizenship and newspaper editorship that allows it to proceed.

I quote from the public statement in 1932 of one who is now a controlling official in the present administration in Washington: "I propose to you that government of all kinds, big and little, be made solvent and that the example be set by the President of the United States and his cabinet. I shall use this position to discuss up and down the country at all times the duty of reducing taxes. This I pledge you, and nothing transcends in importance this covenant with the taxpayers of this country. Let us have the courage to stop borrowing to meet continued deficits — and stop the deficits. It is my pledge and promise that rigid governmental economy shall be forced by a stern and unrelenting policy of living within our income. I have warned the country against unwise governmental interference with business." I believe that if we had followed *that* road we would be further along the road to

recovery than we are to-day. It is certain that we would not be bogged down in a debt that will remain to burden our children and our children's children.

II

AS AN HYDRAULIC engineer and a businessman I am not and I never have been an investor in public utilities. I hold no brief for the exploitation of the public in utilities or anywhere else — even in politics. But as a large consumer of power, no one ought to be more enthusiastic about the development of cheaper power. I want to see cheap power and I want to see my country thrive and prosper and move ahead. In my opinion, it will not be necessary to make any more costly experiments to determine whether or not power can be developed more

cheaply under government ownership than under private operation. Common sense and experience tell us that no project for the generation, distribution, and sale of power, operated by the government, can possibly be as efficient as the same project under private operation. This is simply axiomatic to anyone who is willing to view the American political system realistically. Dr. Morgan seems to be conscious of the defects of that system. But when he leaves the subject of politics and turns to the TVA project he indulges in that wishful thinking that is so characteristic of Administration officials these days. Why ignore plain facts? Why deceive ourselves by thinking that by *willing* impossible things we can make them so?

Now as it happens I know something of the great basin of the Tennessee River and Muscle Shoals. For a couple of years my whole attention was given to a constructive plan to turn this government waste into an asset.

The government built the fifty-one-million-dollar Wilson Dam which, when it was finished, was worth just seventeen million dollars. There were only seventeen million dollars of it justified from the beginning, and everybody in the hydraulic field knew it. Private enterprise would not build it because it was not worth building. The government came along and

Mr. Hooker is, like Dr. Morgan, an engineer. After a public-works career at the turn of the century under Governors Roosevelt I and Odell, of New York State, he went west to engage in timber, mining, and railroad enterprises. He organized and headed the Hooker Electrochemical Company. He was associated with the Progressive Party in 1912, under Theodore Roosevelt. He is a notable example of the liberal "captain of industry."

built it during the War because it would generate 100,000 horsepower.

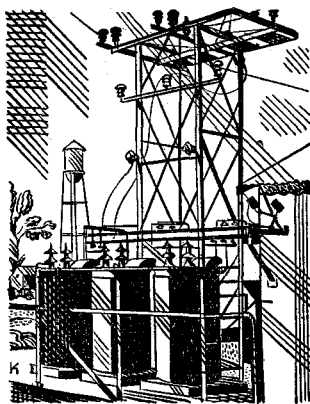
I want to cite this example of the quality of thought which goes into many of these government enterprises. A hundred thousand horsepower was needed to utilize the new plan for obtaining nitrogen from the air for government use. Washington appointed a competent board of American engineers and chemists to decide where it ought to be located. They studied various places, among them Muscle Shoals, very carefully and decided that it was not the place at all. Nevertheless the authorities at Washington went ahead and built the Wilson Dam, ostensibly to generate 100,000 horsepower to run the nitrogen plants, which were to be finished in six months. They placed these plants at Muscle Shoals and forthwith employed a well-known engineering firm to build a 100,000-horsepower steam unit to be finished within six months, to run the nitrogen plants, since the dam would not be finished for ten years. Now the dam was not finished for ten years, and it cost fifty-one million dollars and of course it had no relation whatever to the nitrogen project, which was given as the reason for building it. That is plain history.

The expenditure going on under the Tennessee Valley Authority is, so far as I can find out, nearly all wasted money, except for the Cove Creek Dam, now named the Norris Dam. There is a dam I do believe in. When I was there it was supposed to cost twenty million dollars. I now see it is going to cost thirty-four million dollars. That is another comment on government work. At any rate, the justification for building that dam is its location in a narrow gorge where a relatively limited block of concrete will give a high head, plenty of storage, and power to warrant its own building. In addition it will store enough water in the upper Tennessee Valley to reclaim, as it flows down the river, seventeen millions of the thirty-four millions of dollars wasted in the Wilson Dam. If it does not pay for itself in one place, it should pay for itself in the other, and, in my judgment, it would have paid for itself in both places had the cost not already been increased

fourteen million dollars beyond the original estimate.

III

THE OBJECTIVE of the TVA and of all the federal plants related to it seems to be rural and domestic electrification, and it is claimed to be justified by present-day emergency-employment needs. Now the fatal defect in all these government plans, as far as emergency relief is concerned, is that it will take five years to complete the projects and five years more for the purchase of transformer lines and the appliances to use them. We cannot wait ten years for relief, or there will be no one to relieve. Furthermore there is hardly anything in the gamut of expenditure that the President could choose which would employ a



smaller number of men per thousand dollars of expenditure than building dams. It is the least effective thing he could do. Building battle-ships to take out to sea and sink would be much better and would do no harm to business afterwards.

If the Administration is so anxious to operate and develop power as a public enterprise, why couldn't it have taken some of these millions of dollars and bought up efficient public utilities at what it thinks they are worth, perhaps half of what they cost, or what the simple and forgotten men and women-clerks, stenographers, street car conductors — who bought the bonds paid for them? Let these people get at least fifty cents on their dollar and let the government run the plants as a play-thing.

Projects already adopted or definitely being considered by the Federal government in the utilities field will ultimately involve a total capital investment by the government of approximately three billion dollars, in territory now served by private companies. Why build plants to ruin each other? New York City is playing with this danger. The present broadside against utilities has discouraged their buying of heavy machinery to such an extent as to have a notable effect on the present depression — an effect which can hardly be al-

leviated by purchasing electrical equipment for farmers five or ten years from now.

I can find no fault with what Dr. Morgan has to say about the evils of political patronage; I wholly agree with him. And as the inevitable concomitant of the New Deal these evils are present on a scale hitherto undreamed of. A political machine is being created in the United States the like of which the world has never seen. It fattens upon continued government handouts and will continue to fatten — as long as there is anything to hand out. There is no use of merely decrying the situation; we should prepare to deal with it. The way to deal with it is to take the federal government out of business — out of the power business, out of the construction business, out of the banking business — out of every kind of business except one — the business of government.

What is the use of ignoring realities? The world is not perfect and no amount of *wishing* will make it so. We still have to reckon with frailties of human nature, and human nature will still be frail when the New Deal is only a memory. Perhaps it is unfortunate — but it is true that there is no ready and effective substitute for enlightened self-interest — the much-maligned “profit motive.”

The profit motive has had something to do with creating a standard of living in the United States higher than that enjoyed by any other country in the world to-day. Before we scrap our American system we must first be sure that we have something better to substitute for it.

By indirection, Dr. Morgan challenges the probity, ability, and public spirit of the American businessman and the continuance of his leadership in an industrial democracy based on individual initiative. In the field of banking and in the utility field there have been isolated, outstanding lapses. America does not believe that they are typical, and it is growing a little tiresome to hear high Administration officials suggest that they are.

IV

TURNING to the larger field of manufacturing industry, I want vigorously to deny the whole spirit of the allegation. From increasing contact over thirty years with typical leaders of American industrial life and some personal knowledge of similar men in England, France,

and Germany, I want to bear tribute to their generosity, fairness, and public spirit. Modern, enlightened business has graduated from paternalism to a mutual understanding between employer and employee based on right and reason, with generous impulse on both sides. There has never been a time in any land when these relations have been so close and understanding and when labor has met so much cordial co-operation, with or without labor unions, as has been the common case here in our time. This still continues, in spite of harmful attacks upon this relationship. Labor knows too well who its real friends are, and they are not demagogues.

Some of us believe that the essence of America's problem is to level the extreme heights and depressions of inevitably recurring industrial cycles, that American industry provided with this implement would move safely forward and serve outstandingly in the interest of the common man. It was proposed to President Roosevelt that he should ask President Hoover, immediately upon his retirement from office, to head a group of outstanding Americans of any political faith to report and recommend to the President within four years a sound instrument for this purpose. We have done everything *but* that, and the need is as insistent as it ever was.

There has been no demonstrated proof that the advent of the machine and new discoveries eventually destroy rather than increase the opportunity for labor. Our depressions come and go, and temporary measures of relief are needed. With a relatively young soil and a youthful people we do not look upon permanent unemployment as a problem likely to come upon us for a thousand years. If there are eight millions of unemployed, one and one half million of these are aged or defectives and totally unfit for work. Another million and a half are the lazy, the riffraff, and the bums who never have worked and who never will except under military compulsion. The remaining five millions of two-fisted, upstanding American citizens anxious to work are the ones with whom our industry is concerned. They will certainly find their way back to work through government co-operation with industry, but slowly, if ever, through direct government employment.

NATIONAL SECURITY AND BIRTH CONTROL

BY MARGARET SANGER

MEN AND WOMEN often congratulate me upon having won my long battle for birth control. Their attention has been arrested, perhaps, by those skilfully composed advertisements for commercial contraceptives which are now accepted by great metropolitan dailies and highly respectable monthlies. Therefore these good folk erroneously assume that all legal obstacles to the dissemination of birth-control information have been wiped off our statutes. Time after time I am called on to explain, with such patience as I can summon to this tiresome task, that this assumption is far from the truth. In this enlightened year of the New Deal, 1935, the Penal Code of the United States still classifies the science of contraception with filthy French photographs and its advocates and practitioners as lewd, lacivious, and obscene criminals, threatening punishment by heavy fines and long sentences in federal penitentiaries.

Permit me to summarize the actual status of our present federal laws involving the delicate question of contraception.

Section 211 of the United States Penal Code prohibits the sending or receiving by and from the United States mails information and supplies pertaining to the prevention of conception. *There are no exemptions.*

Section 245 of this same code prohibits the sending or receiving by an express company or common carrier of information or supplies relating to the prevention of conception. *There are no exemptions.*

Sections 311 and 312 pertain to the Territories and Districts under federal control and are even more rigid in their prohibitions, declaring that even the *possession* of any article intended for the prevention of conception constitutes a crime. *No exemptions!*

Convictions under these statutes are punishable by the imposition of fines ranging from

\$2,000 to \$5,000 or imprisonment for five years or both.

Twenty-one years ago, when I began to challenge the ethical validity of these laws, the tragic effects of passive and unthinking submission to them were obvious to anyone with eyes to observe. This national tragedy was reflected in a high infant-mortality rate, an even more disastrous maternity-mortality rate, the evils of child labor, and the prevalence of that most desperate remedy, abortion. Scientific research in the technique of contraception was nonexistent. Hospitals, clinics, medical societies, and schools could not jeopardize their very existence by any overt defiance of the laws of the land, even if they recognized the importance of the problem. The same restrictive and blighting effect exists to-day. Not only are these federal statutes in conflict with state laws, but they are endlessly confusing to scientists and physicians legitimately concerned in genetic research and racial health. In those states which permit, even with certain restrictions, the dissemination of contraceptive advice, physicians are compelled to bootleg the interstate transportation of supplies and reports, since the United States mails and even the common carriers must not be sullied by such information! While certain courageous physicians may indeed ignore the existence of these statutes in their private practice, the policies of hospitals, clinics and medical schools cannot admit transactions specifically condemned as against the statutes of the Penal Code.

Our first task was to tear aside the heavy veils of silence which shrouded the whole subject; next, to inaugurate the interminable task of enlightening public opinion, a job which brought with it ridicule and stinging denunciation, not to mention police raids, indictments, and jails. However, we succeeded

finally in opening clinics and in keeping them open — after long legal battles and with definite and narrow restrictions. We have won the adherence of enlightened public opinion. But still those sections of the Penal Code have remained unchanged, unamended, still a menace to social and economic security.

II

WITH THE REVOLUTION in public opinion concerning the ethical validity of birth control, with indeed the advent of a more liberal and less puritanical era, we have witnessed the rise to power of a class which can be compared only to the late unlamented bootlegger. Fully conscious of the legal restrictions concerning the prevention of conception, the larger and more reputable wholesale druggists, financially well able to establish research projects to investigate the chemistry of contraception, remain nevertheless reluctant to enter a field which might involve them in legal difficulties. But others are less scrupulous, greedier for immediate profits. The charlatan, the little fellow, fully cognizant of the desperation of thousands upon thousands of mothers (discovered sometimes by house-to-house canvassing), began to put on the market more-or-less-thinly disguised contraceptives. These products are not described as contraceptives but, ambiguously, as aids to feminine hygiene and so forth. No overt promises are made, no guarantees given. Clever copywriters in advertising agencies solve this delicate problem by suggestive ambiguity. The rewards, apparently, have been enormous. Today the advertisements of such dubious products appear in respectable dailies and monthlies which even fifteen years ago jeered at me for the indecency of mentioning birth control and for daring to challenge the federal government to send me to its penitentiary.

Careful laboratory tests have been made of a large number of these so-called commercial contraceptives, with their synthetic names. In chemical analyses of the spermicidal power of some thirty-two of these products now actually on the market, no fewer than forty-five per cent failed to kill the sperm in one or more of three tests. At least twenty-five per cent showed serious defects in mechanical functioning, such as power of dissolving, vol-

ume and stability of foam, and so on. Yet these products are elaborately displayed in drug-store windows, their function suggested with all the skill and persuasion of the advertising art, and never — to evade conflict with the federal statutes — are they actually described as contraceptives. Retailed at cruelly exorbitant prices, they exploit the desperation, the ignorance, the hopes, and the credulity of millions of American women, whose hygienic and sexual education is specifically forbidden by federal statute.

The commercial success of such products is but one more demonstration of the existence of the universal demand for contraceptive knowledge, of that submerged class of underfed and overbred motherhood, praying silently or crying aloud in anguish for deliverance from the incessant toil of childbearing, as expressed by thousands of letters still pouring in, pleading for knowledge. The emergence of the "safe-period" theory sponsored by Catholic writers and doctors — a dubious compromise, with no guarantee of certainty or reliability — is indicative that even the archenemy of birth control, the Roman Catholic Church, must find some answer to the increasing demands of its women. But, like the commercial contraceptives, the rhythmic theory of "lawful" and "natural" birth control can give no assurance of certainty, tested reliability, nor of universal efficacy.

Such manifestations demonstrate that indiscriminate dissemination of birth control "knowledge" is fraught with danger. On the basis of a study of fertility and contraception among 4,945 married women,* a distinguished Johns Hopkins scientist reaches the conclusion that hundreds and hundreds of women who do not practice contraception are pleading for information so that they may.

The logic of our results would seem to point clearly and unequivocally to the probability that prompt removal of all legal restriction to the free dissemination of contraceptive information, and barriers to the unrestricted distribution of contraceptive devices, would tend to have the effect of bringing the differential fertility of social classes more nearly into balance again. . . . It seems clear that if the restrictions . . . were removed, it might somewhat lighten the burden of poverty with which our children and grandchildren bid fair to be faced.

* Raymond Pearl: A Study of Family Limitation. "Milbank Memorial Fund Quarterly," July 1934.

III

THAT THE BIRTH rate is highest and the family largest in what we term the lowest social class in this country — the unemployed and those already supported by relief agencies — is a fact universally recognized. This differential birth rate has not only persisted, but has been emphasized by the depression. On the basis of a recent survey, Messrs. Edgar Sydenstricker and G. St.J. Perrott point out that

low social status, unemployment and low income in 1932 went hand in hand with a high illness rate and *increased malnutrition among children*. It was in these same groups of families that a high birth rate prevailed. Whatever the broad implications of the findings may be, it is evident that a high birth rate during the depression prevailed in families which could least afford, from any point of view, to assume this added responsibility.

This, despite the added fact that today thousands of potential mothers, rather than bring children into a hostile world, are willing to run the risk of the most dangerous remedy of all — abortion. A conservative investigator, Fred J. Taussig, M.D., estimates that approximately 800,000 abortions are performed every year in the United States.

With a mortality rate of 2.1 per cent for these 800,000 abortions, the number of annual deaths from abortion is about 17,000.

Furthermore, the same authority assures us that there can be no question of the existence of an abortion "racket" by which the professional abortionist has to pay for protection. City officials and the criminal classes, he thinks, divide this graft.

The profiteer, the bootlegger, and the abortionist are reaping their ill-gotten gains undisturbed by the existing statutes. If, as Dr. Pearl suggests, all restrictions for the free dissemination of birth-control information should be removed, we must exercise foresight in assuring that contraception and its technique should be placed in competent hands. Upon the basis of the results obtained in our research clinics, now conducted without violation of New York State laws, we are certain that this technical aspect of contraception is first and foremost a medical problem which requires expert diagnosis for individual solution. It is upon this basis that the National Committee on Federal Legislation for Birth

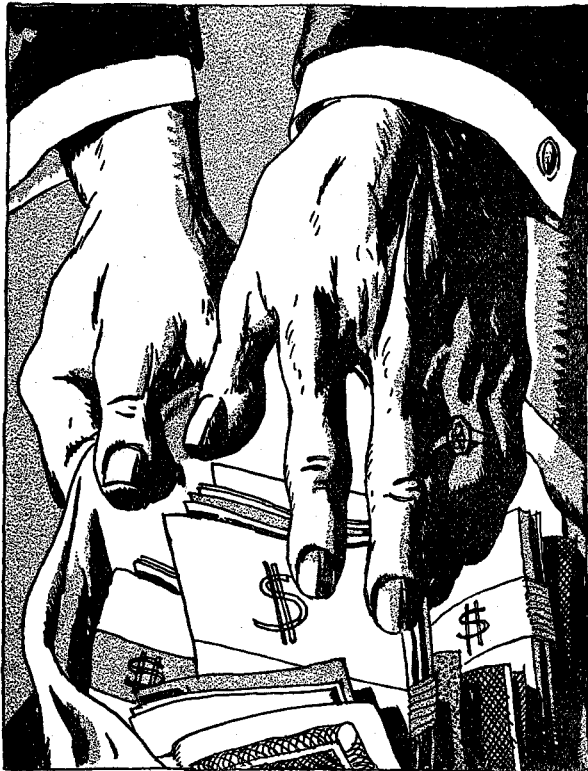
Control is urging the passage by Congress of two bills amending the federal statutes summarized earlier. These bills (S600 and HR2000), already introduced, would dissociate the idea of contraception from that of obscenity and would sanction the use of the United States mails by physicians giving contraceptive information; likewise the sale of contraceptives by druggists filling the prescriptions of such duly licensed physicians. It would apply also to medical colleges, hospitals, and clinics licensed in any state or territory or the District of Columbia, with the exception of a state in which such use is specifically prohibited by law.

National planning for economic and social security can, in the long run, produce no real benefits unless such plans be based upon the cornerstone of family security through family planning. As long as the procreative instinct is allowed to run reckless riot through our social structure, there can be no real family security. As long as the New Deal and our paternalistic Administration refuse to recognize this truism, grandiose schemes for security may eventually turn into subsidies for the perpetuation of the irresponsible classes of society. Social workers and palliative specialists who have become accustomed to the administration of charities and whose personal prestige is rooted in their careers as directors of the destinies of the hopelessly indigent unconsciously resent any program that threatens the existence of that class. Most of them prefer their own rose-water deodorants to any fundamental policy which would institute control and self-discipline yet would automatically revolutionize conditions of the underprivileged and help them to help themselves.

If children are to be brought into the world by chance — inert, undernourished, victims of hereditary diseases — to be brought into a world to live their lives as dependents and indigents; if, in short, this differential birth rate is to be still further widened between classes, the doom of this nation is already written. If our New Dealers turn a deaf ear to the cries of the Forgotten Woman, they are attempting to solve the problem of economic security without due consideration for the basic human factors involved in that problem, which must be recognized.

TAXING THE CITIZEN'S INCOME

BY P. W. WILSON



THE UNITED STATES and Great Britain are today facing the same financial problem. Both of these countries have to raise an enormous revenue.

In both, two fifths of that revenue is derived from income tax, and the collection of this tax is among the major operations of government. Essentially the two income taxes, with their exemptions, their gradations, and their differentiations, are similar. In principle, they are intended to achieve the same result.

Between them, there is, however, this difference. It is 134 years since Great Britain imposed a levy on income, and for more than 80 years that levy has been continuous. The American tax is still young and, in certain respects, experimental.

At Washington, there has been raised the

question whether anything in British experience is applicable to conditions in the United States, and possibly a few words by one who has paid the tax in both countries may be of interest. What is the British income tax, and how is it administered? In what respects does that administration differ on the two sides of the Atlantic?

It is well, perhaps, to see the income tax in its historic perspective, and first let us note the familiar distinction between indirect and direct taxation. Indirect taxes are levied in the first instance on commodities and only later are passed on to the man who really pays. Direct taxes fall immediately on the individual. He has to pull out his checkbook, write in the amount, and sign on the dotted line.

Taxation thus resembles surgery. If it is indirect, there is an anesthetic, and the patient is unconscious of what he is suffering. But there is no doubt as to the pain which is inflicted by taxation when it is direct.

The taxpayer, being human, has sought to impose on himself those obligations which hurt least. He has resorted to tariffs and excise duties. He has devised a sales tax. He has tried to avoid the cold realities of a tax on incomes.

In the France of the Bourbons, the privileged classes resisted direct taxation, and a country impoverished by war was left without adequate revenue. The currency was inflated. Revolution followed. It was not until our present postwar period that France grasped the nettle and put a stop to evasion of income tax.

No less powerful has been the prejudice against the income tax in Great Britain. It was as a necessity of the Napoleonic wars that an unwelcome levy was tolerated. The younger Pitt imposed it in 1799. At the Peace of Amiens in 1803, the tax was repealed. On the further outbreak of the war in 1805, the tax was re-

newed. After Waterloo, it was again abolished. Only in 1842 did Peel persuade the people to submit to the tax in time of peace, and it was kept as low as possible. In 1874-5, Gladstone left it at 2d. in the pound, or under one per cent.

So in the United States. A federal income tax was advocated in the year of war, 1812, by Secretary Dallas. From 1862 to 1872 it was actually, if unconstitutionally, collected. But it was only in 1913 that, by the Sixteenth Amendment to the Constitution, the tax was legalized, and here also evasion or avoidance has had to be dealt with.

In Great Britain, there has been a surprising change in sentiment about the income tax. The former prejudice has died down, and during the economic crisis of 1931 officials were besieged by taxpayers anxious to remit without delay whatever was due. As the police are supported by the man in the street, so did the nation rally to the collectors of inland revenue.

The development is the more instructive because the British income tax is a serious affair. The so-called standard rate has been as high as 30 per cent, or 36 times what it was under Gladstone. Even to-day it is 22.5 per cent, and such a shoe pinches.

To explain this change of sentiment, let us make comparisons. In the United States, the Secretary of the Treasury is appointed by the President. He has no seat in Congress. When his term of office is over, he vanishes into the background.

The income tax in Great Britain is associated with the names of her greatest men. It was molded by successive Chancellors of the Exchequer — Pitt, Peel, Gladstone, and the rest — in whom the nation has had confidence, not only in finance but as Prime Ministers.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer sits in the House of Commons, and is supported there by a majority of elected members. As Derby Day is the great anniversary of sport, so is Budget Day the festival of finance, nor can the second chamber interfere. The House of Lords is told that peers do not levy taxes. They pay them.

II

IN THE UNITED STATES, there is still the suspicion that politicians get the money. A civil service is developing, but the spoils system has not been wholly obliterated.

Great Britain has developed a powerful and complete civil service, selected by merit, irremovable save for proved demerit, and independent of politics. Within that bureaucracy, the Treasury is regarded as the keystone of the arch, and, when it comes to the nation's financial credit, nothing is left to chance. Of the "Treasury mind," as it is called, the income tax is the admired masterpiece. A Chancellor of the Exchequer may be as socialist as Philip Snowden or as capitalist as Neville Chamberlain. But the chances are that he will support the department.

In this country, there are many states where a local income tax is levied. To the British, that would be a kind of lese majesty. The income tax is reserved strictly for the national budget and gains thereby in prestige.

In the United States, the argument over the respective merits of indirect and direct taxation does not appear greatly to interest the man in the street. There has been no Bright, no Cobden in this country to lead the debate over free trade.

In Great Britain, the battle for the "free breakfast table" has enhanced the popularity of the income tax with the masses of the people. A sugar duty, it is contended, has to be paid by the many for the sake of the few, and it is graduated downward. A family of four pays twice as much on sugar as a family of two. But the income tax is paid by the few for the sake of the many, and the family of four may escape altogether. Since the few are more fortunate than the many, it is held — at any rate by the Labor Party and the Liberals — that they ought to show their gratitude, nor do the Conservatives seriously dissent from this view.

In the United States, the mass of the people whose means are modest have spontaneously paid their income tax with patriotism and promptitude. But there are stories of untaxed or half-taxed millionaires which were heard across the ocean with incredulous amazement.

In Great Britain, it has been recognized that the income tax, being a hard deal, must be a just deal. Somehow the money has to be found, and anybody who has money should thus pay his share. If one person withholds his contribution, other people have to contribute more than their due. There is little sympathy with the man who, on any pretext, manages to escape.

The income tax is not an automatic machine that, once started, will run by its own momentum. It is a game played by the Treasury on one side and the taxpayer on the other. Nor is it by any mere stroke of the pen that billions in money are drawn from the pockets of citizens often advised by able attorneys. Year by year, leakages are discovered, and amendments put a stop to them. An immense mass of legal enactments and executive regulations has thus accumulated, covering innumerable details.

A headmaster who later became Archbishop of Canterbury disciplined an unfortunate with corporal punishment. Said the victim: "Temple is a beast. But he is a just beast." That is the British view of the income tax.

The authorities in Great Britain are thus believed to be acting as trustees in the public interest. An attempt by the citizen to deceive them is condemned as a serious offense against the community, and few are able to get away with it.

In the United States, there is one oft-applied corrective of abuses in administration. It is publicity. Lists of income tax payers are published in the press, with their incomes. It can hardly be said that these lists are any real safeguard against evasion.

In Great Britain, the collection of the tax is so strict that it can be confidential. It is not held to be necessary to publish lists of incomes and taxes in the press. If a taxpayer satisfies

the Treasury, it is assumed that there cannot be much amiss with him.

In the United States, the levy on incomes is spread as a net in which to catch criminals who otherwise would escape justice. It is an ally of the post office in a desperate conflict between society and the underworld. As Al Capone has discovered, it is a very effective ally.

In Great Britain, the machinery of collection is used only — generally speaking — for the purposes of the tax itself. It is the business of Scotland Yard, not the Treasury, to deal with public enemies. The offense of a bandit is not a subsequent failure to include his plunder in a return for income tax.

III

IN THE UNITED STATES, it is for the Treasury, broadly speaking, to prove that the citizen has received the income on which the tax is levied. The onus of the proof rests with the officials.

At the British Treasury, the success of the income tax is attributed in large measure to a device which, however kindly meant, is diabolical in its ingenuity. The onus of proof is shifted from the state to the citizen, and this makes all the difference.

The taxpayer fills in a form and indicates what he declares to be his income. The abatements which result in graduation are then claimed as deductions.

If a taxpayer delays making a return or makes a return that fails to carry conviction, he receives a demand for the payment of the full standard rate — 22.5 per cent — on what the officials estimate to be his income. He has then to show that his income is less than the appraisal, and, again, it is he who has to make good the claim to deductions.

In the United States, the taxpayer receives his income and pays the tax after receiving it. In Great Britain, the officials save the taxpayer some of that trouble. Two thirds of the tax are collected — to use the technical phrase — "at the source." The income — dividends or salary or whatever it is — does not reach the taxpayer until the tax has been deducted, and at the full rate. Once more it is for him to prove his right to the abatements. It is an open secret that more tax is paid in Great Britain than is strictly due. The Treasury abides by the rules.



But it does not force refunds on the citizen.

In the United States, there are tax-exempt securities which have been much valued by millionaires anxious to reduce their payments on the higher rates in the schedule. No securities in Great Britain are thus exempt. Municipalities deduct the income tax and pay it into the Treasury before distributing interest on their loans.

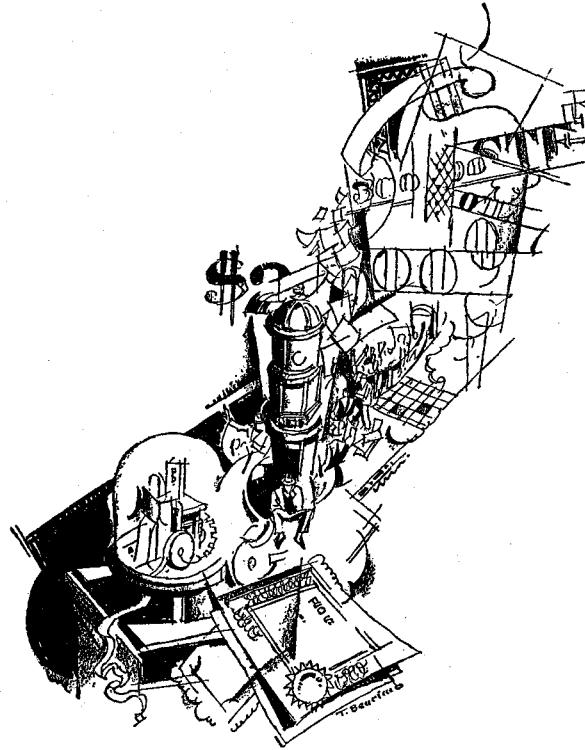
In the United States, no clear distinction was drawn in past years between income and capital. The taxpayer was permitted to deduct losses on capital from his income and, in many cases, to escape taxation altogether.

In Great Britain, the theory is that income, the whole income, and nothing but the income is liable for taxation. The income tax is unaffected by capital values. If a man draws a dividend from a bond or a rent from real estate, he pays on the dividend and the rent. The question whether the value of the bond or the real estate is rising or falling is irrelevant, and Britain has naturally followed with interest the ultimate adoption of this principle by the United States.

The time to tax property, so it is considered, is at the owner's decease. In death duties or inheritance taxes, the state then takes its share, which is graduated up to 50 per cent for an estate of \$10,000,000 or more. The annual yield of death duties is about \$375,000,000, and an accumulation of colossal fortunes, which are held to be antisocial, has been prevented. The curious thing about British millionaires is that, despite the taxation which is forever depleting their fortunes, they do not want to live anywhere else.

To draw a line between capital value and income is not always simple. A man who happens to sell a picture at a profit need not enter that profit as income. Nor can he claim abatement for the loss. But if he makes it his business to buy and sell pictures he must declare his profits in the usual way. So with securities. So with real estate. There also the question is whether the dealings constitute a business.

Where a tax is nominal in amount, inequalities and even evasions may be condoned. But an income tax in these days is no laughing matter and, with the strict collection, care has to be taken to mitigate hardships and remedy any grievances that may arise. In Britain, as in



the United States, there are exemptions of low incomes and numerous other concessions for children, dependents, and so on.

The deductions from taxable income differ in the two countries. In Great Britain, a person is allowed to deduct his premiums on life insurance up to one sixth of his total income. In the United States, he may deduct gifts to charity.

Two deductions involve principles, and here again the countries differ. The United States allows the federal taxpayer to subtract from his income whatever he pays in local taxes. The argument against this allowance in Great Britain is that it would be a special favor to the man who happened to own real estate.

Secondly, the United States allows the taxpayer to deduct interest on loans. Here again the British argument is that — in President Coolidge's phrase — he hired the money, just as he might hire a typewriter or a chauffeur. Two men have the same income and live in similar houses. One has a mortgage on his house; the other has not. Why should they pay different income taxes?

In both countries, a distinction has been drawn between earned and unearned incomes. Great Britain allows earned incomes up to \$15,000 a year to be reckoned as five sixths for

taxation. By an act of 1928, the United States allowed a 25-per-cent deduction on earned income, but this provision was canceled in 1932.

In the United States, an unmarried person is allowed an income of \$1,000 free of taxation, and a married person is allowed a free income of \$2,500. Great Britain is not so generous. According to circumstances, the free income varies from \$500 to \$953.

Out of 8,400,000 persons in Great Britain making returns, about 3,700,000 pay the tax. In the United States, only 3,400,000 persons make returns — this for three times the British population.

IV

LET US TAKE a typical case from the white-collar class in each of the two countries — a married man with three children, aged 17, 15, and 13 years. His salary is, let us say, \$5,000 a year.

In Great Britain, he may claim an exemption of \$625 for his wife, \$300 because his second child is under 16, and \$250 for the third child. That is, his exemptions amount to \$1,175, and his taxable income is reduced to \$3,825. This, being earned, is reckoned as five sixths, or \$3,187.50, and it is divided into two parts — \$1,250, on which he pays 10 per cent, and \$1,937, on which he pays 22.5 per cent. The payment works out at \$560.

In the United States, this taxpayer deducts \$2,500 for himself and \$400 for each of the three children, all of them being under 18 years, or \$3,700 in all. Out of an income of \$5,000, he thus pays on \$1,300, and his rate is 4 per cent. His tax thus amounts to \$52, or less than one tenth of the British.

It is thus in the lower rates of income tax that there is so marked a contrast between the two countries. The upper graduation is more or less similar. In Britain, the tax rises from nothing by easy steps to 50 per cent for incomes of \$250,000. For very high incomes, it may approach 60 per cent. Such a graduation tends obviously to anticipate the yield from death duties. The state cannot take away half a man's income when he is alive and expect to tax his fortune — sometimes called his deferred income — when he is dead.

The net result of the exemptions and the

graduation on the British income tax is significant. The standard rate of the levy is 22.5 per cent. But the average tax actually paid works out at only 10 per cent, or thereabouts, of the income returned — this despite all the heavy taxation of the wealthy.

The explanation of the average tax collected is simple. The small taxpayer is more important than the large taxpayer. In 1929-30, there were only 20,000 persons in Great Britain who declared incomes exceeding \$125,000. But the low incomes were numbered by the million. It is thus the regular income tax that produces four fifths of the revenue. Only one fifth is derived from the "supertax."

According to a statement from the United States Chamber of Commerce, at Washington, the whole measure of taxation, federal and local, amounts in this country to 20 per cent of the national income. It is not easy to say how much of this represents income tax, nor can we determine accurately what figure in this country would compare with the 10 per cent for Great Britain. All that can be said is that there appears to be a reserve of taxable capacity still untapped by the Treasury.

In administration of income tax, legal authority is not enough. Authority must be also moral. The acting Prime Minister in Britain is Stanley Baldwin. He may be liked. He may be disliked. Nothing will alter the fact that, voluntarily, he has given a handsome slice of his wealth to the nation.

Doubtless it is the duty of His Majesty's Opposition to oppose His Majesty's Government and, if possible, to "turn the rascals out." There is thus perpetual talk in Great Britain, as elsewhere, about extravagance and inefficiency. But, in their heart of hearts, the people on both sides of the Atlantic believe that, on the whole, the money paid in income tax goes to the country and that the country is worth the money. Britain has found that the public accounts should be not only strictly audited but clearly presented. Any person of reasonable intelligence should be able to follow the figures.

Budgets in these days provide not only for the public service. Much of the revenue furnished by the taxpayer is handed back to the citizens. It is by the budget that economic inequalities are adjusted.

I'D RATHER BE A SPINSTER

ANONYMOUS

AT LAST I have what every unmarried woman is supposed to want more than anything in the world, what sentimental old ladies have always wistfully suggested, what well-meaning friends have urged upon me, what casual acquaintances have hinted that every woman should have, namely, a home of my own. It is a comfortable and pleasant home. My husband is one of the finest and most considerate of men, a member of Phi Beta Kappa, listed in *Who's Who In America*, possessor of an entire scrapbook filled with press clippings and honors he has won. Moreover, our tastes are almost identical. But for real happiness I would prefer my former mode of existence, which was teaching in a public school in an eastern city and living alone in a rented room. This is so contrary to all tradition that it may be well to assure my readers that I am quite as sane as the average person and that my tastes are more feminine than masculine. Frivolous evening clothes and dancing delight me, but so do religious and philosophical discussions.

Married women have long given voice in our prints to their joys and vicissitudes, and recently their unattached sisters have been doing likewise. In most cases these latter appear to be sprightly persons with varied interests and a hopeful outlook on life, rather than the lone, lorn individuals they are supposed to be. Even when reasonably contented, however, they admit that marriage would be more satisfactory. It should be, but is it? My experience covers both sides, as I remained single until well over thirty.

A childhood spent with the frustrations of a woman who craved a musical career and disliked housekeeping and who was always short of money (although her husband had plenty for hunting dogs, expensive fishing tackle, and trips to Florida with his men friends) gave me

the impression that marriage was not a happy life for women. All men are not like my uncle, of course, but, as every psychologist knows, the irrevocable influence of early environment colors for us all situations in life.

This home background led to reading and observation which freed me from the desires and illusions of most young girls. If my aunt was so overworked, with one maid in a family of four, what would it be like if there were no help and a number of children? Consequently, an engaged girl always had my unspoken sympathy, and the sight of a bride walking up a church aisle with all the accouterments of beauty and convention never failed to turn my mind to cookstoves and crying babies. I thought it cruel for society to conceal so much drudgery under the falderal of diamond rings and wedding veils.

Balancing this unfavorable picture of home life was a vision of how it might be if a man and woman of similar tastes could be comrades through the years, the wife with her own career, the housework performed by experts — the social equals of other workers — and with a nursery school where the small child could remain in the company of other children and in the care of specialists, for the few hours that his mother worked. I knew, however, that such an existence was impossible, that one could get specialized workers for everything but home tasks and that nursery schools were only for the rich.

In the back of my mind was the vague intention of marrying some day, but, knowing how much women give up for this exalted state, I found it impossible even in my romantic youth to consider a man who had not made a name for himself in some line. The one thing above all that I demanded of life and still demand is leisure to write and study, and it seemed that an older man would be more likely

to make this possible. The boys my own age probably thought me queer, but they were altogether too immature to be considered as potential husbands. All my coy glances were cast toward a bachelor about twenty years my senior who scarcely knew me. It is a wonder that I did not break my neck on the subway stairs at Harvard Square in those mad dashes to "casually" take the same train he did into Boston.

ENGAGEMENT

THEN I MET *him*. It surprised me that a man only seven years my senior could attract me. He was a publisher, a perfect storybook hero, kind and considerate of everyone, tall, good-looking, of excellent family, a social asset instead of a liability. He entered the pages of *Who's Who in America* in his thirties, and our tastes were congenial at many points.

Our engagement lasted for seven years, during which time our friends and acquaintances speculated on the cause of the delay. I had never talked much about my ideas on matrimony because I knew the futility of making even my friends understand my real attitude. So deeply is the thought imbedded in the human consciousness that every girl is anxious to marry at all costs that they would not have believed me. They guessed everything but the real reason, namely, that I held nothing against my fiance but I did against the institution of marriage itself, an institution which, except in the largest cities, demands that a woman give up her name, her work, her income, in fact her individuality, simply because she accepts a mate. It is unfair and unjust.

Those years were spent in trying to gain a foothold in the writing profession which would give me economic independence after marriage. To marry and teach was impossible; he would not hear of it. To many women it will seem fantastic that for the sake of independence a woman could hesitate to marry the man whom she loved and who could give her a beautiful home. But such was my desire for freedom. This passion for writing, however, was not merely to gain money, but was excited by my eagerness to do my bit in raising the status of my sex.

Often my friends said, "But you could write if you were married." Having no idea of the

grueling task it is to get one's thoughts on paper, they pointed to some celebrity who had reached the top despite the handicaps of many home responsibilities. Yes, an exceptional woman can always get there, but I am not exceptional. I am an average woman with enough intelligence and background to have a little to say on a few subjects. Marriage of the usual kind would have ended my writing.

Fate did not grant me much of a foothold in my chosen field during those years. The practice I gained was valuable, but teaching in a public school, carrying on the kind of social life my fiance expected, and writing at the same time was a huge task. During that period he never encouraged me nor asked to see any of my work; even my first small successes brought no praise from him; and that is what caused the final break. I decided it was futile to attempt creative work in an unsympathetic atmosphere.

I do not hold it against him. His attitude was the result of his background and environment. Other women have had the same experience. One writer said recently that, while her husband was sympathetic toward her work, there was not the same light in his eyes when she sold an article as when she cooked the roast just right. Few men attach much importance to their wives' activities outside the traditional sphere.

Another reason for my postponement of marriage was that I was perfectly happy. My rooms were furnished with my cherished belongings, which enabled me to have a home without any domestic responsibilities. Improbable as it may seem, going out to work every morning was a pleasure. Next to writing, I love teaching and always returned to the task with joy. In the summer there was my own camp in the mountains, with plenty of congenial friends. One might say, as so many have, that this delay was unfair to my fiance, but we both had friends of the opposite sex. I never tried to keep him from other women, and during our first acquaintance he was informed of my ambitions.

My ideals of marriage are concerned not only with what a woman can get but also with what she has to give. I knew I would be little good along the lines of homemaker and mother and decided my fiance would be much happier with a girl who was content to act as a background for

his achievements. He said I never cared deeply for him, but I cared too much to see our love chipped to bits on the grindstone of everyday commonplaces.

He was more or less of a society man, who liked a woman to be decorative rather than utilitarian but whose income called for a combination of the two. Some women may be able to broil steak and then sit down as the cool, well-groomed hostess, but not I. Perhaps we could have had one maid, but even then my mind would have had to be a patchwork of recipes and food prices.

His love might not have stood the test of seeing his wife dish up steamy vegetables, and I could not have spent my energy frantically trying to "hold my husband"; there is too much to be done in the world. It is true that love is of the spirit and reaches down below these externals, but when the mechanics of life are visible on the surface it is like driving the car without the hood to cover the engine; it detracts from the art of living gracefully.

There are those who will say one misses life's greatest joy and spiritual development by forgoing love's consummation. It may be hopeless realism, but, when that consummation means planning meals, marketing, cooking, and caring for a toddler of two or three, I prefer my memories of books read together, of dinners at the Ritz and in front of open fires in old farmhouse tearooms on October evenings, of symphonies, and of fresh violets in a Valentine box. All these are mine, and it would not suit me to exchange them for the privilege of picking up my husband's soiled shirts for the laundry.

MARRIAGE

SO IT WENT ON until I met and suddenly married a man twenty-five years my senior. Of course this decision did not come without a struggle. It is not easy to give up a man after eight glorious years, but this time was not spent in vain; it marked a stage of growth. What one has experienced spiritually, emotionally, or mentally becomes part of one and cannot be annihilated.

My husband is a great pal; we enjoy the same things — books, music, camping, and horseback riding. He is a speaker who long ago reached the top in his profession. He is anxious

for me to succeed in my work and has encouraged me to give lectures on my subject.

Instead of a home based on the usual plan, we are trying an experiment in reducing the mechanics of living to their lowest common denominator. Probably I have less housework to do than any other woman in the United States who does not keep a servant. We have two simple meals a day, and everything else is minimized accordingly. He enjoys the formal dinner with lace cloth and candles but if I am busy he can get himself a bowl of bread and milk and enjoy it. Because he long ago learned the secret of simple living he is ten years younger in physical endurance than most men of his age. When we want a good meal with all the trimmings we go to a restaurant.

He is able to earn a comfortable living, but I am economically independent of him and shall remain so. A careful account is kept of the contributions of each of us to this joint domicile. It has been said, of course, that marriage without children is only half a marriage. Perhaps. This experiment could not be worked out with even one child, but fortunately my husband satisfied his paternal instinct in a former marriage. It is not that I dislike children; teaching those in their 'teens was a great joy; but the care of youngsters under five never appealed to me, and in America nurseless nurseries are the prevailing mode.

Everyone should love deeply at some time, but love and marriage are not correlative. They should be but they are not as yet. Love is the poetry of life, a growth in soul, giving more color to the sunset, bringing more sympathy for one's fellow beings, and fostering a poise of spirit not otherwise attained; but marriage is the prosaic business of living.

When a woman weds a man much older than herself she is not usually interested greatly in the physical side of marriage. With all due respect to the noble work of Freud, I know that this lack of sexual enjoyment will not land me in the psychopathic ward half as quickly as would the household duties of the average wife and mother.

Marriage to a man I do not love but for whom I have respect and friendship gives me more freedom. Love has been regarded in the minds of women for so many generations as the be-all and end-all of existence that they are

slaves to it. When a woman marries a man she loves, she puts him first, thus submerging any ambitions she may have. His disposition becomes the barometer of her happiness; if he is cross or unappreciative, her day is spoiled; and it takes years for her to develop enough sense of humor not to take his moods seriously. In my case there is not that close attraction, and I can go blithely about my work, regardless of any mood of my husband's.

Is this a happy marriage? As happy as any union could be for me. No man could give a woman more freedom to do as she pleased or more encouragement in her chosen line of work than my husband gives me. Nevertheless, as I said before, my former life afforded me more real happiness than would be possible in any marriage, because there is a freedom to the single life which no marriage can duplicate. I love solitude. My best work is done when I am alone. My few domestic duties are irksome compared to teaching. Most of all, I miss going out to work every morning, which was a psychological pick-me-up. Of course I often walk in the morning, but there is a mental alertness compelled by the necessity of having to get out and be at a certain place at a stated time which no voluntary action can produce.

Giving up my name was most repugnant. It gives me no pleasure to see my picture in the paper with an account of the speech of Mrs.—. I might as well be another person. In a great metropolis a woman can keep her own name, but in this small city people would not understand it. The only advantage is that this miracle-working title of Mrs. enables me to criticize marriage without having my ideas labeled sour grapes, as they would be were I a single woman.

RETROSPECT

IF FREEDOM was the wine of life to me, why did I marry at all? Marriage is necessary to women if they are to escape pity, pity that is omnipresent, varying in degree from the obvious emotions of relatives to the subtly expressed sentiments of casual acquaintances. Even some of my most intimate friends could never understand my wholehearted devotion to writing; they seemed to think it was a makeshift to fill the gap caused by my unmarried state. My colleagues, who knew little

of my personal life, thought me one of those intellectual women who can find no one to measure up to their standards. It never dawned on them that, to me, teaching was preferable to struggling amid the pots and pans in some man's kitchen.

It is a weakness of character to be so influenced by the opinions of others, but I confess to that weakness. Censure and criticism is often enjoyable, but pity is exasperating, especially when there is no cause for it. So, to be rid of this eternal annoyance, I decided to accept the man who, as a husband, would interfere the least in my work.

Everything has its price, and this matrimonial experiment has not been entered into without a look at the price tag. It will probably mean that sometime I shall have an old man to care for, but I really think a great deal of my husband, and old people have always appealed to me. Many hours of my life have already been spent listening to garrulous old folks who wanted a sympathetic ear to pour their troubles into. As this man has made possible the only kind of marriage I could tolerate, it will be a joy to make his last years pleasant.

I am rebellious, nevertheless, against a society whose attitude toward spinsters forces many women into marriage and which then eagerly takes their jobs if they happen to be teachers or other public servants. Our system educates girls for the professions and business and then mercilessly flings them back to the dishpan, making no provision for the intellectually trained woman who despises housework and baby tending. A life of ease is not my aim. I am willing to face hardships and to bear my share of the world's burdens, but my contention is that every individual should have the opportunity to choose a congenial life work irrespective of sex or marital condition.

Many women hate housekeeping after they get into it. The fact that my aversion to it has governed my life is not due to superior powers of discernment but to that wise woman who brought me up to see marriage as it is instead of wrapping me up in a lot of romantic illusions. A writer who recently said that not one girl in a million was ever brought up to know what marriage is like made me realize my extreme good fortune. The older I grow, the more thankful I am for such an upbringing.

THE PREPARATION FOR LIFE

BY MARY M. COLUM

IT WAS ECONOMICS which used to have the name of "the dismal science." But since the tragic and apocalyptic writing of Karl Marx and the witty and ironic writing of Thorstein Veblen, that name is not so appropriate. It now looks as if the science of education had sunk into the dismal place. The books on that subject that are before me* are for the most part as dismal in outlook as economics ever was. We moderns seem to be trying to diminish and enfeeble the human mind instead of enlarging it. The only volume that deals with higher education, President Lowell's lectures, is not as comprehensive nor as large-minded as Newman's *Idea of a University*: Dr. Lowell's ideal of what constitutes a fully matured mind is not so high. Many of Newman's ideas, however, are embodied in Lowell's lectures, especially the idea of what constitutes a liberal education — a conception which is familiar to all higher educators. Newman, it will be recalled, defined a liberal education as that "process of training by which the intellect instead of being formed or sacrificed to some particular or accidental purpose, some specific trade or profession or study or science, is disciplined for its own sake for the perception of its own proper object and for its own highest culture." President Lowell tells us that "for a man who is destined to reach the top of his profession a broad education and a firm grasp of some subject lying outside his vocation is a vast advantage." And he is at one with Newman in the idea that "daily association with other young men whose minds are alert is in itself a large part of a liberal education."

*EDITOR'S NOTE: — *The books discussed here are:* *At War with Academic Traditions in America*, by A. Lawrence Lowell (Harvard University Press, \$4.00); *The Transitional Public School*, by Cyrus D. Mead & Fred W. Orth (Macmillan, \$2.25); *Source Book of the Philosophy of Education*, by William Heard Kilpatrick (Macmillan, \$2.25); *Teachers and Teaching*, ed. by Frank W. Hart (Macmillan, \$1.50).

It is when we come to the exponents of elementary and precollege training that we get a steep drop downward. Like all writers on the subject, they declare that education is a preparation for life. But where they depart from their forerunners is in what they consider significant in life. Now the only way for the lay person, the person not practically engaged in education, to gauge the values of educational systems is to observe the adult men and women produced by them. And the close observation of the end products of modern systems in any country gives one material for much disturbing meditation. If one also abandons one's mind to the perusal of books on what is called progressive education it is for the most part to give oneself over to a depressing experience. One would never imagine that these works were meant as a commentary on, or as instruction for, the training of human beings destined to be tempted to commit, or even actually to commit, the seven deadly sins — pride, covetousness, lust, anger, gluttony, envy, and sloth — or destined to attain, or try to attain, the seven immortal virtues — love, friendship, magnanimity, self-sacrifice, faith, hope, and charity — or maybe to fall into those monstrous crimes — malice, mendacity, and ownership in human beings. I omit robbery, murder, and the more spectacular performances, for comparatively few persons are tempted to engage in them.

Most of the writers on precollege education, which is all the education the majority ever gains in any country, give one the impression that the writers, in the ecstatic contemplation of what children can do with old tin cans, castoff rubber tires, paint pots, clay, saws, and bits of wood, have completely lost sight of the adult the child will become. The vocabulary of their books is in itself sufficient to stagger the mind of the lay person — "experientialists,"

“activityists,” “purposeful problems,” and so on.

In a volume before me, *The Transitional Public School*, which is highly recommended in an introduction by a commissioner of education of the State of New York, the whole emphasis is laid on “experience as the teacher.” But one’s mind is mystified as to what can possibly be meant by “experience.” Further emphasis is laid on the fact that a school curriculum “should be mainly concerned with engaging in activities through which subject matter may be learned.” Can it be that “activities” and “experience” mean the same thing in the mind of the commissioner? The activities described in the volume, through which the children became educated, include the construction of an Indian village, during which the pupils learned how to “make boats that would really float, traps that would really work, the proper method of building a campfire, and the construction of a temporary shelter.” When this educational study was completed, the net result seemed to have been the evolution of a number of rules concerning safety in woods, water, and camps. The next “activity” described is a study of the California missions: during this the pupils constructed a replica of the mission chapel at Carmel; “more than five hundred clay bricks and a thousand tiles of plaster of Paris were manufactured for the building.” This chapel appears to have been constructed with great elaboration — crosses were made from coat hooks, bells from thimbles and shoe buttons, and, most wonderful of all, “after demonstration by the principal of simple electric wiring several boys equipped the interior of the chapel with an indirect-lighting system, making possible a view of the interior of the building without disturbing its movable parts.”

A LOPSIDED EDUCATION

WHAT WAS the educational result of this “activity”? What was the subject matter learned from this “project”? Here it is: “This project gave the pupils an understanding of the logical sequence of the important historical events *up to the period of the influx of the white man in his search for gold.*” The italics are mine. There are a few other results from the “project,” but there is not one mention, not one

glimmering of a suggestion of what the primary object of the missions was — not one meditation on the reason why men gave up homes and native land and civilized life and crossed thousands of miles of unknown ocean. The pupils were not told that these sacrifices were made with the primary idea of revealing to the Indians all the missionaries knew of what they believed to be the supreme good or God. There is not an approach to a suggestion that man is a creature with immortal longings in him, not one effort to inform the pupils of the attempts that have been made since history began, of which the California missions were one, to satisfy or express these immortal longings; there was no faint suggestion that the major experiences of life for most of the children when they became adults were to be connected with emotional and spiritual things; they were not told that a human being develops in proportion as his emotions and spiritual and intellectual powers develop and not in proportion to his ability for making bells out of thimbles or wiring a building for an electric-light system.

It did not seem to dawn on the educators that the mere development of the practical intelligence, concoction of rules of safety, and understanding of the events that led up to “the influx of the white man in his search for gold” might, if begun young enough and kept up long enough, result in an adult with the mind and emotions of an adolescent. In short, the result of the above “activities” was that the pupils were taught matters that might be of the greatest benefit to them if they were wrecked on a desert island with a few old tin cans, a saw, a nail, and a rubber tire but were prepared for nothing that in a civilized world would be called life. At that, even supposing it to be the destiny of mankind to be wrecked on desert islands or to be pioneers in newly discovered lands, the children could have learned all that these progressive educationalists thought of significance in a Boy or Girl Scout organization.

Nor did what the book calls the “art work” which was practiced in connection with the above-mentioned “activities” appear to have been used to give the pupils any conception of what art really is. The children, we are told, drew the missions with the padre in charge.

Now surely this was an opportunity for using the "project" to exhibit a few prints of famous pictures and to explain that pictures were one of the major expressions of the mind of man, belonging to his highest achievements. But, in the mania for drawing practical and utilitarian conclusions from everything, all relating to the spirit was either overlooked or not considered important enough to mention in the account of the "project." It would be difficult to imagine anything worse for a child's development than the assumption on the part of the teacher that all experience was practical experience and activities largely manual. The lack of interest in the child's emotional and spiritual powers, the failure to recognize the need of developing an interior life — the most necessary of all things if the adult is to have some ever-present means of escape from the common human experience of loneliness — all this is really disastrous.

The writers of *The Transitional Public School* as well as the commissioner of education who recommends it seem to have no real notion that all "projects" and all "activities" in education have, or ought to have, in view the production of an adult human being — adult in emotion, thinking power, and potentiality of experience. The child should be made happy, interested, and occupied, but the adult he will become should never be lost sight of if systems of education are to mean anything at all. The adult produced by the educational methods recommended in this book would have his manual powers and his ingenuity better developed, perhaps, than those of men in the past, but as a human personality he would be diminished. He would be diminished because the development of most of those faculties and powers whose products have raised us above animal life had been neglected — had, in fact, received hardly any recognition.

FALSE ANALOGY WITH THE GREEKS

THERE IS a common habit at the moment among people who wish to give their performances the air of having distinguished originals and ancestors of making a connection with something done by the Greeks. Our progressive educators, like the rest of them, can trace the genealogy of their ideas to the ancient Athenians. The Greeks, we are informed, were the

original "activityists," and Seneca is quoted as saying, "We should learn for life, not for school." A sound enough slogan, but it is worth while recalling that the most conspicuous pupil whom Seneca prepared for life was the Emperor Nero.

If the authors had thoroughly digested and understood a long quotation which they give from a book on education in ancient Greece their faith would not have been so strong in the educational advantages of their own "projects" and "activities." "His whole environment was the Greek boy's teacher," we are told. It was indeed, but what an environment! To summarize the quotation: the Greek boy took his way past the temples with the friezes of Phidias; he took his place in the theater of Dionysus to gaze on the successive tragedies in which Sophocles and Euripides were contending for the prize of poetry; or he would listen to the comedies of Eupolis, Aristophanes or Cratinus. As he passed through the market-place he may have found himself listening to an harangue of Gorgias or to a fragment of the dialectic of Socrates. Strange to say our authors appear to believe that this sort of education was the original of their "activities" and their "experiences" and "projects."

But an American boy on his way to school does not pass temples with friezes by Phidias — he passes gasoline stations and canning factories and slaughterhouses and coat-and-suit shops and advertisements for soaps. When he goes to the theater it is not to hear a tragedy of Sophocles or Euripides — indeed it is likely to be to behold Mae West or the Ziegfeld Follies girls or a movie featuring a platinum blonde. Instead of the dialectic of Socrates, if he hears an oration at all, it is likely to be a Rotary Club speech or a sales talk. The form of "activity" education enthused over by our progressive educators would probably have been excellent for the Greek boy; it would have been fine for him to learn at school how to make boats that would float and traps that would work and bells out of thimbles, for all the higher part of his education was looked after anyway by the drama, the sculpture, the architecture, the political and social life — by his whole environment. But for the American child to have to devote so much of his school time to "activities" and "projects" such as are outlined in

this volume is a waste of the possibilities of his young mind and personality.

To supply deficiencies of environment should be one of the objects of educational systems; an attempt should be made to make up for all those "experiences" which are not in the American environment and were in the Greek. The children of this country, like the children of Australia and Canada and what are called the new countries, are underprivileged as regards daily contacts with the recorded experience of man in art, in architecture, in music, and in literature. There has not existed for long centuries that interchange between man and the soil which develops passively a complex and highly equipped human being. A European child of the present day may not have the environment of a Greek child, but, in the great cities, anyhow, and often in the provincial towns, he has a chance of passing, on his way to school, great, old cathedrals which it took centuries to build, galleries containing the pictures and sculpture of his own countrymen, made in the environment he is familiar with, old palaces and long-cultivated gardens; he travels streets called by the names of great men who went that way. The American teacher, in an effort to develop the child into a high type of adult, has to make up for deficiencies of environment such as are barely dreamed of by a European teacher, just as in other ways a European has to try to make up for deficiencies in the material environment of his young people such as are barely imagined by an American teacher.

No country can make a better investment than to ensure for its education and its government the services of the most widely educated, the largest-minded, the most generous and free-spirited individuals that it is in its power to enlist. If we cannot surpass the men of other times, we can at least see that we develop some people who do not fall below them and we can strive to produce some few who will surpass them. If we do not, what is the use of all our "experiences" and our "projects" and inventions?

Here I should like to enter a plea for leaving the Greeks out when we want to flatter ourselves about some pet scheme of our own in education and other affairs and interests. Only a very few people with a rare gift of historical-

mindfulness can approach an understanding of the old Greeks at all. They certainly were not the kind of people that most writers of books on education think they were: they were very religious; they had a reverence, the depth of which we cannot gauge, for their city and their forefathers; they were very limited in their interests. And, finally, the only class amongst them which we know anything about had a contempt for manual work which would appall the progressive educators and the outliners of "projects." Xenophon, as quoted in another of the books before me, *Source Book of the Philosophy of Education*, mentioned that "the base mechanic arts . . . are held in ill repute by civilized communities" and, after speaking of the enfeeblement of soul that results from the practice of them, informed us that they left no leisure for those two great experiences of the Greeks — "the claims of friendship and the state" — declaring that "in some states, especially those reputed to be warlike, no citizen is allowed to exercise any mechanical craft at all."

THE OLD VERSUS THE NEW

IF THE OLD educators erred at one extreme and thought too little of the present health and happiness of the child and too much of the necessity of drilling and disciplining him for the conflicts — sometimes totally imaginary — that were ahead of him as an adult, the new educators have almost completely lost sight of these conflicts. The old educators were inclined too much to regard the child "as an empty reservoir to be filled as economically and effectively as possible," to quote one of our progressive educators. But the moderns are prone to forget that, in addition to being "a living creature of endlessly diversified possibilities in activity and behavior," the child is also a nearly empty reservoir, and that, while he is as yet fresh and unburdened with many experiences, his mind should be well furnished with information to enable him later to make the best use of it. What is the use of trying to train the higher faculties of reason, judgment, and logical thinking, as so many of the progressive educators try to do, before the inferior faculties which minister to the higher ones have been trained and used? To quote a French critic of modern systems, Charles

Maurras: "To pretend to teach childhood without first peopling the memory, without filling it with fables, with hymns, songs, poems, proverbs, rhymes, lists of capes, dates, and so on — in short, to start to utilize the superior faculties before the inferior ones have been trained — is to give too much labor to judgment, reason, and the logical powers before they are able to apply themselves to materials worthy of them."

Now what are we to think of a whole book like *Teachers and Teaching*, made up of the judgments of 10,000 high-school seniors on their teachers? Some fragment of such matter might have made an interesting article for an educational periodical, but to fill a book with it surely shows a lack of judgment in its compiler. It is only a rare high-school senior whose judgment of his teacher has any real value, judgment being one of the faculties which ripens with experience when it ripens at all. In addition, a good judgment on any person in the position of a superior, as a teacher is to his pupils, is very difficult for even a trained psychologist to make; the relation is too complex, too full of pitfalls for the inexperienced reasoner. As might be expected, this book is repetitious and full of irrelevant descriptions of the personal appearances of teachers. In so far as the frequent adverse judgments of the pupils may be right, what they reveal is not so much faults in the teachers as the need for reform in a system of education which permitted such persons to pass through its training colleges and enter the profession of teaching. Few of these adverse judgments, perhaps none of them, could have been passed if the teacher had received that liberal education which Dr. Lowell or John Henry Newman or the late Dr. Hadley or all real educators since Aristotle have believed to be a desideratum for those entering any profession.

Dr. Lowell goes over once more the ground which Newman covered in that chapter of *The Idea of a University* entitled "Knowledge Viewed in Relation to Professional Skill," and he comes to substantially the same conclusions, viz., that university education is "a general training of the mind as distinguished from the acquisition of specific information which is expected to be of any definite use in after life." However systems of education alter, however

the objects and methods of primary and secondary education change, the conception of what a higher institution of learning should provide has always remained the same in the minds of the great educators. All of them have believed just what is expressed by Lowell in these lectures — that the main object of a university is to give a liberal education and not merely to provide studies for a definite profession and that, in substantially confining the professional schools of a university to college graduates, the heads of the colleges are not only doing what will be best for the student as a human being but are giving him the best aid in the end to reach the top of his profession. "The ideal college education," says Dr. Hadley in a sentence quoted by Lowell, "seems to me to be the one where a student learns things that he is not going to use in afterlife by methods which he is going to use." Making bold to attempt to improve on this definition, I will say that the ideal college education seems to me to be the one where a student develops the faculties, the emotions, the intellectual powers he is going to make use of as a complete adult and develops them by the subjects best-calculated to increase these powers, regardless of whether or not he uses these subjects thus learned in afterlife.

There are very few talents that can ripen independently of the training of other powers — that is the salient fact we have learned from the experience of mankind. To train any talent to its highest, a person needs an easy command of many branches of knowledge. Along with that, in most high branches of human achievement, gifts ripen only as the emotions ripen. In the arts especially, the creator's intellect develops as his emotions develop, which accounts for the fact that an artist's gift ceases to grow when his emotional power decays but can keep on growing to extreme old age if his emotions are kept alive. An elementary education which has not for one of its aims the vigorous cultivation of the emotions cannot be described as in any sense a preparation for life or for keeping alive. For a person is really alive as long as his emotions are vivid and living, which is perhaps what Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University, implies when he declares that many people are dead thirty years before they are buried.

ACE HIGH

A Short Story

BY PETER FLEMING

THIS STORY begins in Guatemala. To be exact, it begins on the airdrome outside the capital of Guatemala and it begins very early in the morning, because in those days — it was about five years ago — the air mail for Mexico used to take off as soon as it got light.

The air mail, which is run by an American company, carries passengers. On this particular morning there were eleven of us. We stood meekly in the Customs shed, next door to the hangar, watching our suitcases being weighed by two small, suspicious men in straw hats. There was a heavy Christmas mail going north, and no one was allowed to take more than the minimum weight of luggage.

There was one other Englishman among the passengers, and naturally I noticed him at once. As a matter of fact, he was a very noticeable person. He was tall and bronzed and handsome. He had blue eyes and broad shoulders and he was smoking a pipe. One cheek was furrowed by an intriguing scar. His suitcase was plastered with a galaxy of labels, all very exotic. He was a striking figure.

But striking in a very conventional way. That was the curious thing about him. It may sound far-fetched, but he conformed so aggressively to type that he seemed really rather an oddity. The trouble was that he was so *exactly* like the hero of almost any story in a magazine; he was too good to be true. And on top of it all — on top of his blue eyes and his hatchet face and his clean limbs — it turned out that his name was Carruthers. That made it harder than ever to believe that he was a real person, because the heroes in the magazine stories that I had read had practically all been called Carruthers.

You know how difficult it sometimes is to decide whether a man is genuine or whether he's acting a part — putting it all on? Well, it was particularly difficult with Carruthers, be-

cause if he was acting he was so awfully well cast that you couldn't see how much was sham and how much wasn't. I asked him what he'd been doing in Guatemala, and he said in an off-hand way, oh, he'd been up-country, living with the Indians and doing a bit of exploring. "Amazing people, those Mayan Indians," he said, and a sort of faraway look came into his eyes which gave you to understand that he'd probed the innermost secrets of their civilization.

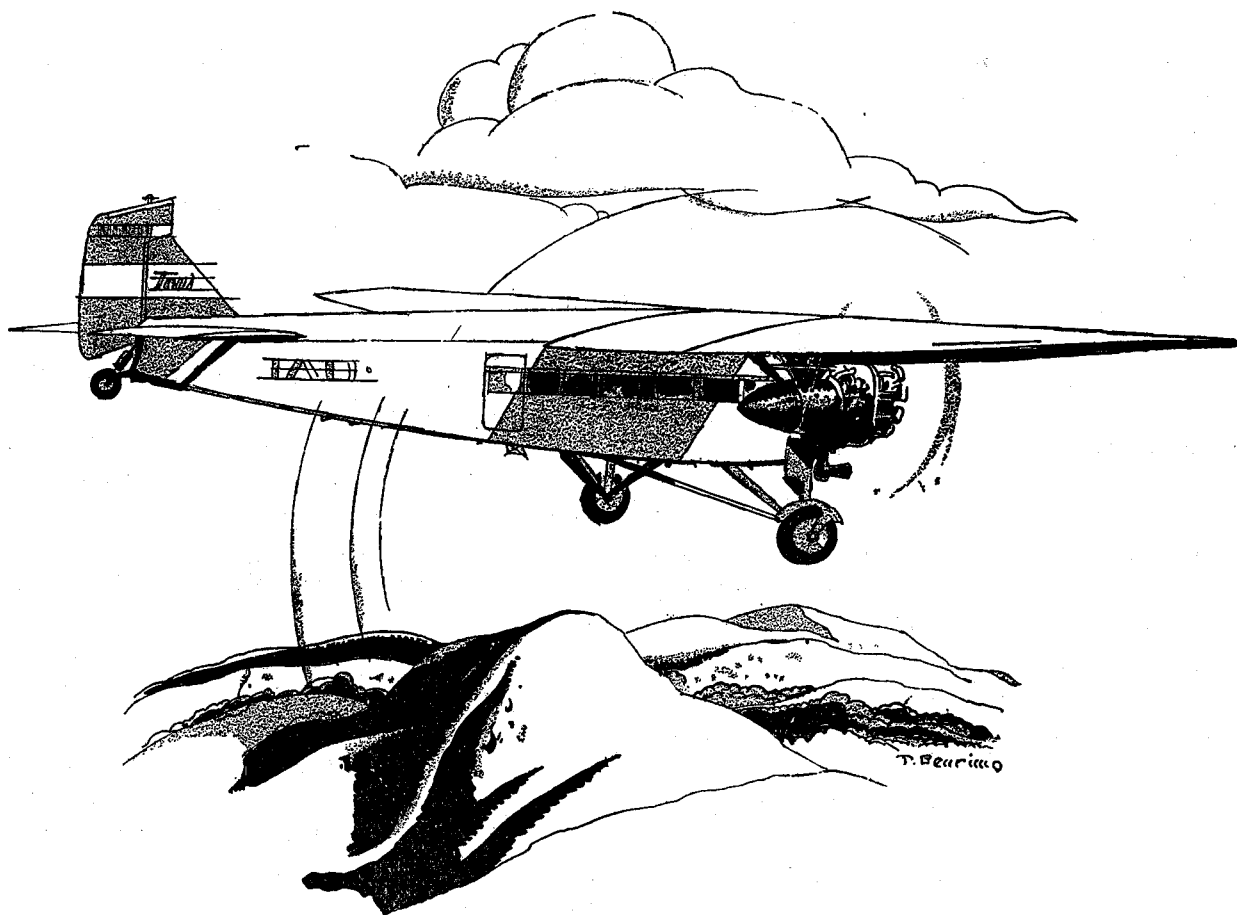
And where was he going now? Carruthers wasn't sure. Mexico City for a bit; then probably south again to Yucatan. "I don't seem to be able to sleep under a roof for long," he said with an apologetic laugh.

He didn't boast. He wasn't a bit flamboyant. He got all his effects by understatement; it was the things he left unsaid that were meant to impress you. I say "meant to" because I made up my mind almost at once that Carruthers was a fraud. I couldn't help feeling that perhaps I was being unfair to him — that it was wrong to condemn a large, laconic man simply because he approximated so nearly the strong silent heroes of fiction. Everybody, after all, is acting a part most of the time, and it seemed a little hard that Carruthers should forfeit one's confidence simply because his part was rather more dramatic and conspicuous than most.

Still, there it was. I put down Carruthers as a sham. In the course of the next twenty-four hours I changed my mind about him twice.

II

FLYING as a passenger in a big plane usually seems to me rather dull. The world is reduced to a large, accurate relief map, and its inhabitants to small and uninteresting specks. But the flight from Guatemala up to Mexico is far from boring. Most of the way you skirt



a big range of mountains. A lot of them are volcanoes, with dense jungle climbing up their shoulders and clouds of smoke oozing out of the peaks. You go quite close to them and far away on your left you can see the blue Pacific. As we roared through the sunlit air I felt very cheerful and mellow and decided that Carruthers ought to be given the benefit of the doubt.

An hour after we had started we were circling down to the landing field on the Mexican border. "Field" was a courtesy title. There was nothing but a dun rectangle of baked earth cut out of the heart of the jungle.

It's always a queer feeling when you land and the engines are stopped. The silence is as sudden and as startling in its effect as a blow in the face. But this time there was something besides the silence which made the atmosphere seem odd. You couldn't have defined it, except in the light of what happened afterwards; you couldn't have said that there was disaster in the air. But I knew, and everybody knew, that there was something wrong there.

Nobody had come out to meet us. The Customs shed, where our luggage had to be examined, stood at the far end of the clearing. Above it the red, white, and green flag of Mexico flapped listlessly. There were no signs of life at all.

Carruthers and I and the two pilots began to walk towards the shed. The buildings seemed suddenly a long way away. It was very hot.

The shed was empty. But next door there was a hut where the four men in charge of the frontier post lived. They were two soldiers and two Customs officials. When we went into the hut we found out what had happened. Indians had poisoned the water tank. One soldier was dead; the two officials were delirious. The other soldier explained the situation in the intervals of being sick.

It was of course a terrible thing, but at first I couldn't understand why the pilots seemed to be taking it so much to heart. There was an American doctor on board — a fat, cheerful little man from Louisiana — and, while he and I and Carruthers did what we could for the sick

men, the pilots conferred together in low voices. I remember wondering what they were so upset about.

Ten minutes later I knew. All the passengers were summoned into the Customs shed. We stood round a long wooden table, most of us looking flustered and faintly horrified. Everyone had an uneasy feeling that the Indians who had done the poisoning were watching us from the edge of the clearing. In a slow, apologetic voice the senior pilot explained the situation.

The first thing he said was that one of us had got to stay behind.

It was like this. The plane was carrying full weight already — “maybe a bit over,” the pilot confessed, glancing rather guiltily at a young honeymooning couple from Guatemala City who had cajoled him into taking an extra suitcase. Now we had three sick men on our hands, in urgent need of attention. By dumping all the passengers’ luggage — the mails of course were sacrosanct — we should just be able to squeeze two of them in. There was only one way to make room for the third, and that was to leave one of the passengers behind.

The pilot said it wouldn’t be more than ten hours, or say eleven at the outside, before they could send back a relief plane from Vera Cruz; it was bound to arrive before dusk. And he pointed out in a reassuring way that there was really hardly any danger from the Indians. They were a lot of quitters, anyhow, and seeing that there was no loot here it was a hundred to one that whoever stayed behind would be perfectly safe.

But he didn’t sound very convinced of this himself, and while he was talking most of us cast furtive glances through the door behind him at the jungle on the other side of the clearing. That noncommittal wall of trees had somehow acquired a very sinister air. Inside the shed there was a feeling of embarrassment; everyone was expecting a call for volunteers. Only Carruthers seemed to be entirely unmoved. His hand, as he held a match to his pipe, was almost ostentatiously steady; but I noticed that the pipe was lit already.

Meanwhile the second pilot had been sent back to the plane. Now he reappeared. He had a pack of cards in his hand. He asked us if we minded cutting for who stayed, because

it seemed the fairest way. No one objected.

“Okay,” said the pilot. “Ace high, high stays. And the ladies aren’t in on this.”

Then he began to deal.

I remember the next two minutes very vividly. The casual, familiar patter of the cards on the wooden table; the scrabbling of a rat or a lizard in the thatch above our heads; an irritating, peevish whimper which came incessantly from one of the sick men; the heat shimmering on the baked earth outside. . . .

We got one card each. Nobody spoke. The squinting coffee planter from Costa Rica, on the dealer’s right, looked at his, and was visibly relieved. The dapper Jew from God knows where looked at his and let his face show nothing. The nice little doctor seemed dubious but beamed reassuringly at his wife. The two sinister Mexicans were respectively inscrutable and overjoyed. The bald politician from Guatemala couldn’t bring himself to pick up his card; he crossed himself over and over again, staring at the card as though he had been hypnotized by the baleful but well-developed lady whose bust was depicted on the back of it.

It was my turn now. A card slid across the table towards me. I felt as if I were going to be sick; it was a nasty moment. But I picked it up, and it was a very low one — the six of clubs — and the world became all of a sudden a much pleasanter place.

After me there were only the honeymooning couple and Carruthers, who was next to the dealer.

The little husband had his arm round the girl. He picked up his card with his free hand and showed it to her. Carruthers could see it too. He bit his lip. The girl began to cry, more or less silently. The husband seemed to be praying.

A card went to Carruthers — the last card. He looked at it, I noticed, without the least curiosity. Then he squared his shoulders and, catching my eye, smiled in a rather lofty and abstracted way. I wondered what he was up to.

We threw down our cards in the order they had been dealt in. They were mostly low — a three, an eight, another eight, a four; the most obviously unattractive of the Mexicans had the knave of clubs; everyone looked pleased,

and he went rather nastily green in the face.

But his luck was in. Without a word the poor little man on my right put down the king of hearts and began to mop up his wife's tears with the end of a cheap fur she had round her neck. The fur tickled her nose, and she sneezed. It was very pathetic.

Then, suddenly, Carruthers' clear, pleasant voice broke in on that emotional scene. "Wait a bit," he said. "I've got the ace of spades. I'm for it."

But he did not throw the card down and as he put it in his pocket he favored me with what I can only describe as an other-worldly wink.

III

THE ENGINES roared, and a great Catharine wheel of dust flew up. We said good-by to Carruthers. It was really a very moving scene. Only the honeymooning couple believed that he had actually drawn the ace, and, of the rest of us, only the Jew showed more of scorn than of admiration. The doctor's wife tried to insist on a redeal; Carruthers wasn't to think, she said, that we didn't all appreciate how quixotic and chivalrous he had been; but she felt sure that one of those Dagos would draw the high card on a redeal. Her husband, however, interrupted her; perhaps he had less faith than she in the race prejudice with which she credited the gods of chance. But he said that he was certainly proud to have met a man of Mr. Carruthers' caliber.

I waited till the others had gone on board. I felt badly about the whole thing. It was unpardonable of me to have thought of Carruthers as I had done. He had, actually, done the Big Thing, with capital letters; and I had disparaged him for looking like the sort of man who would. I felt like a worm.

Was there anything I could do, in case anything — er — happened to him? Any messages or anything?

Carruthers said no. There wasn't anybody much, he said, who — well — who cared about him. He looked excessively wistful as he said this, and once more I had that horrible, that unworthy feeling that he was acting a part.

I said, in a lame sort of way, that I was awfully sorry about the whole show.

"No need to be sorry," said Carruthers in a

very manly voice. "It's just my luck. I never had any at cards."

Then I told him impulsively that he oughtn't to have said that he had an ace when he hadn't at all.

"Oughtn't I?" said Carruthers, very gently, smiling.

I felt more of a worm than ever.

IV

AT DUSK on the same day I landed for the second time in that clearing. The relief plane was full of Mexican soldiers from Vera Cruz. I had got a seat in it by saying that I was Carruthers' brother-in-law; the ties of family command a lot of respect in Latin America.

For the second time nobody came out to meet us. The lieutenant in charge lent me a revolver, and we closed in on the shed in extended formation.

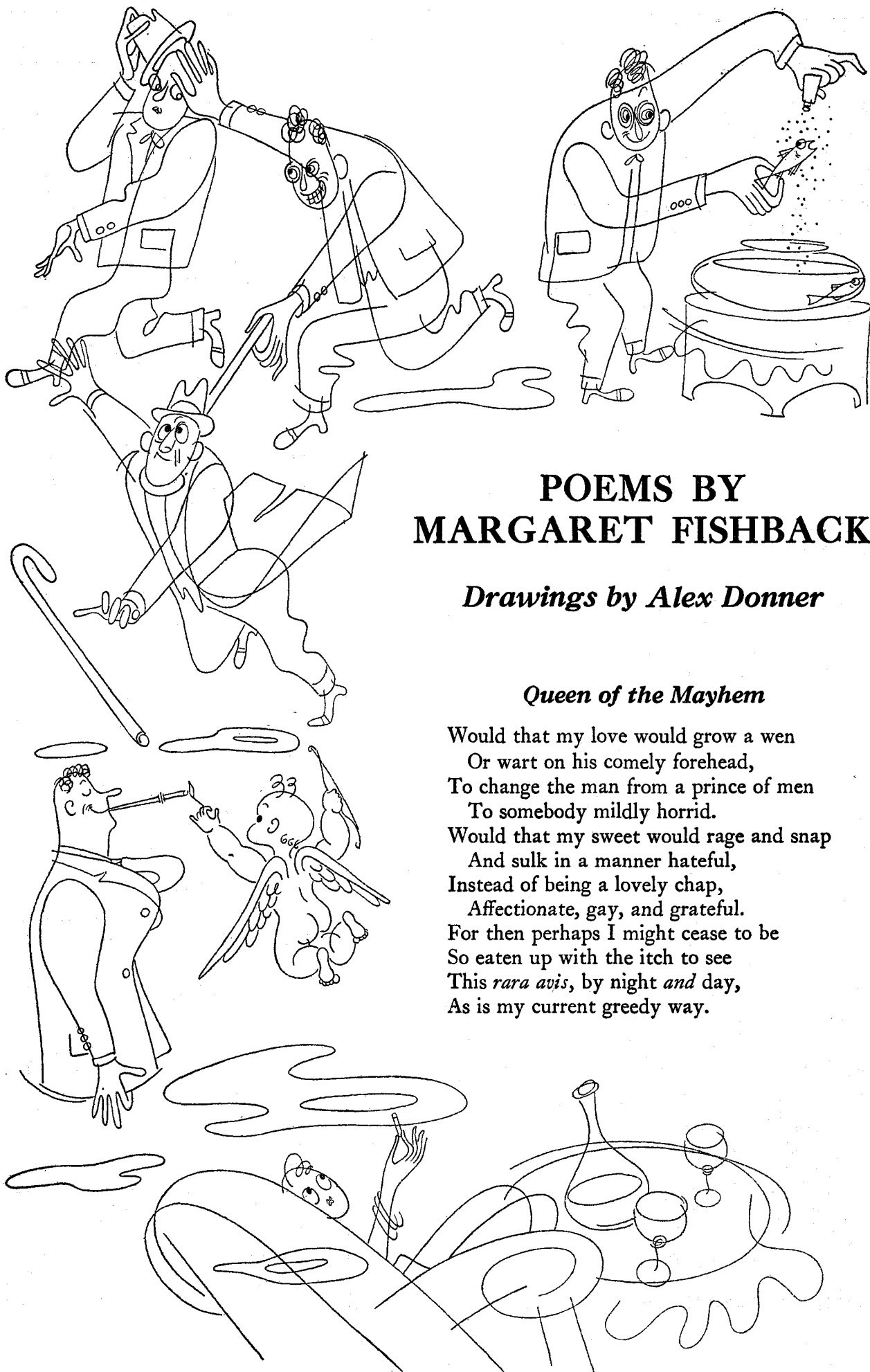
The Indians had been and gone. Carruthers was dead, with two bullets in his body. They had cut off his head and taken it with them and also, judging by the blood, some dead and wounded of their own.

We slept in the shed that night and buried Carruthers before sunrise, on account of the flies. The grave was short as well as shallow. Poor Carruthers. They fired a ragged volley over him, partly out of respect for the dead and partly to scare away Indians.

As we walked back to the shed for coffee the lieutenant said, "He was a very valiant man, your brother-in-law." I agreed. The lieutenant was a nice little man, with large unmartial eyes like a deer's. Rather shyly he handed me a packet. It contained what they had found in Carruthers' pockets. Did I think there was anything missing?

I thanked him and opened the packet. There wasn't much in it. An empty pocket-book, with the lining torn out. A snapshot of Carruthers, very upright on a horse. Some keys and a handkerchief. His pipe. Two receipts — one from London, one from a hotel in Guatemala City. And last of all a playing card. . . .

The lieutenant was saying something, but I do not remember what it was. I was laughing. I hope he did not think I was laughing at him. The card was the ace of spades.

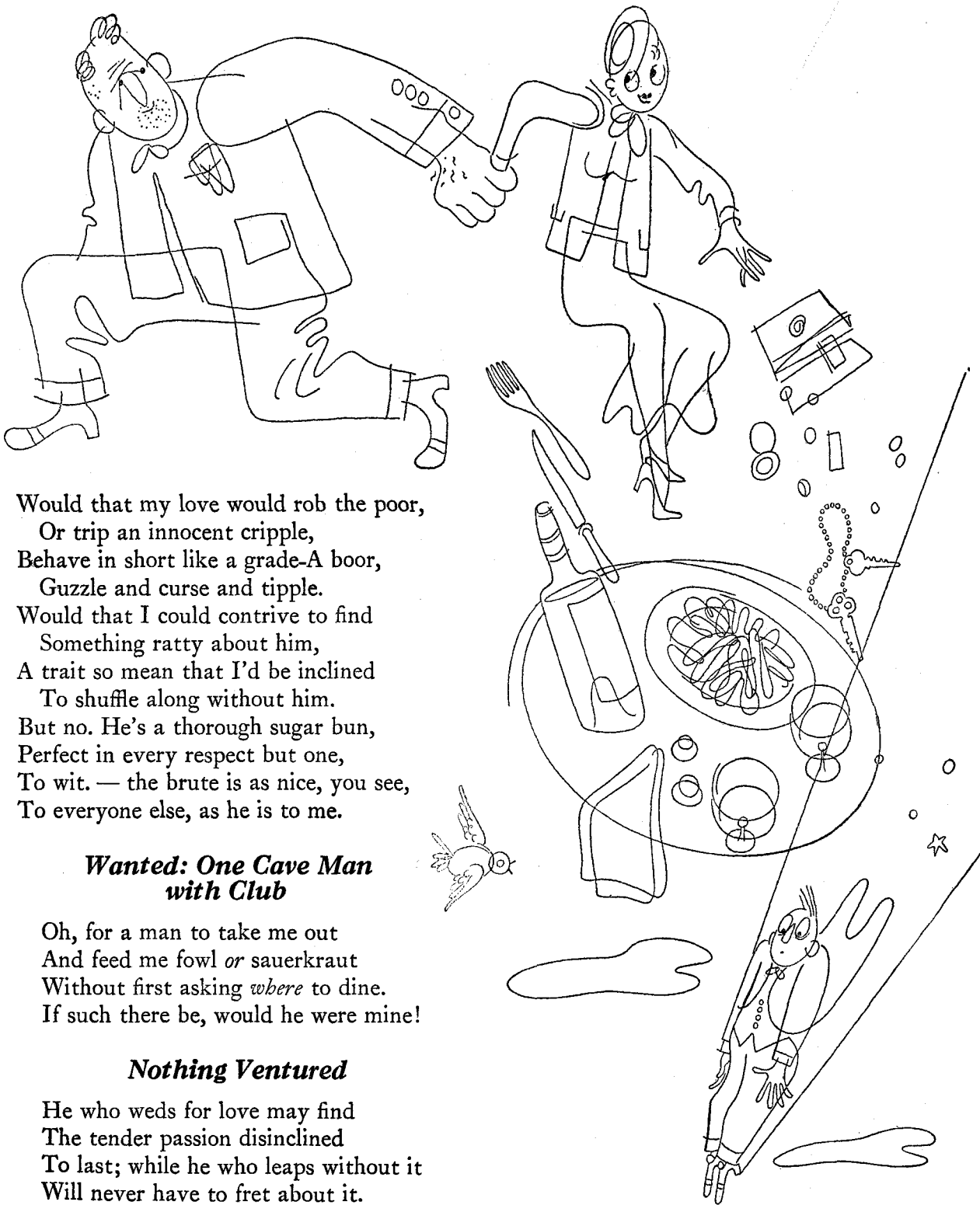


POEMS BY MARGARET FISHBACK

Drawings by Alex Donner

Queen of the Mayhem

Would that my love would grow a wen
Or wart on his comely forehead,
To change the man from a prince of men
To somebody mildly horrid.
Would that my sweet would rage and snap
And sulk in a manner hateful,
Instead of being a lovely chap,
Affectionate, gay, and grateful.
For then perhaps I might cease to be
So eaten up with the itch to see
This *rara avis*, by night and day,
As is my current greedy way.



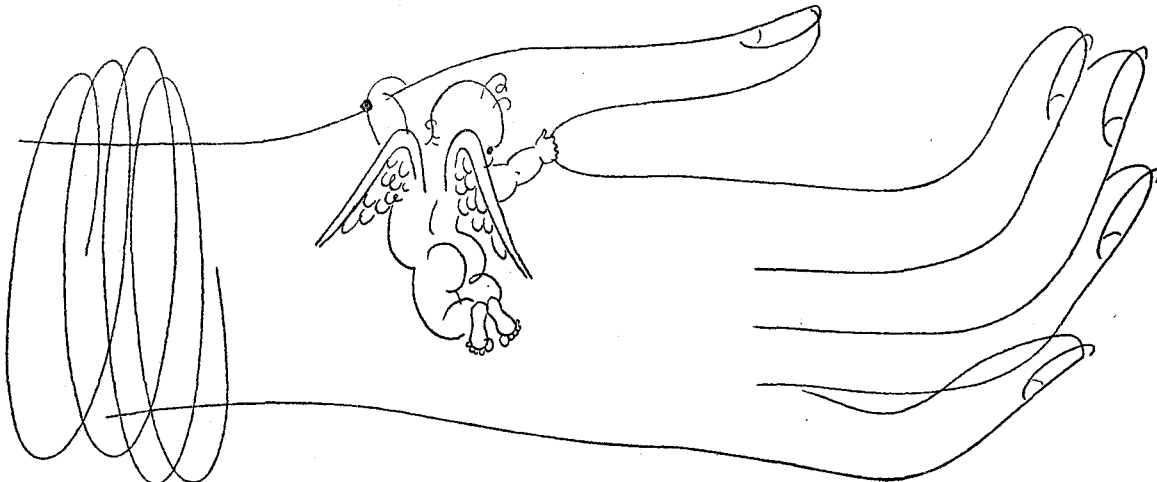
Would that my love would rob the poor,
 Or trip an innocent cripple,
 Behave in short like a grade-A boor,
 Guzzle and curse and tippie.
 Would that I could contrive to find
 Something ratty about him,
 A trait so mean that I'd be inclined
 To shuffle along without him.
 But no. He's a thorough sugar bun,
 Perfect in every respect but one,
 To wit. — the brute is as nice, you see,
 To everyone else, as he is to me.

***Wanted: One Cave Man
 with Club***

Oh, for a man to take me out
 And feed me fowl *or* sauerkraut
 Without first asking *where* to dine.
 If such there be, would he were mine!

Nothing Ventured

He who weds for love may find
 The tender passion disinclined
 To last; while he who leaps without it
 Will never have to fret about it.



BETWEEN COVERS—III

BY LOWELL BRENTANO

THERE IS a perennial excitement about a publisher's search for new books and fresh authors. Unlike other businesses, in which the markets are more stabilized and standardized, experience is not necessarily of great value. A publisher seeking to build his list has only one certainty — he never knows what to expect, be it pain or pleasure, disappointment or success. In dealing with artistic temperaments, he quickly learns that he cannot work on any psychological generalizations; each individual has his own foibles and eccentricities. Only too often an unguarded enthusiasm, a momentary ignorance of some intimate detail of an author's private life may betray him.

I recall, for example, an embarrassing and yet amusing experience some years ago, with the first Mrs. Arnold Bennett. I met Mrs. Bennett as a fellow passenger on a trip to England. She was a tall, distinguished-looking, animated Frenchwoman, a *diseuse* and a poetess, who was returning, I believe, from a lecture tour in America. Naturally our conversations turned to her husband, and I expressed a hope that I might some day have the privilege of meeting him. She was kind enough to say she thought he would enjoy meeting me and urged me to write him immediately I arrived in London. She herself, as she explained, was going first to Paris, but I should say in the letter that I had met her and was writing him at her suggestion. Naturally I followed her instructions, only to be somewhat startled by the consequences. Promptly enough I heard from Mr. Bennett, who had left London and gone to Southampton where his yacht was anchored. Unfortunately I have mislaid his letter but I quote from memory. He very cordially invited me to join him on his boat for luncheon and a chat, but there was a bombshell in the postscript of his note. It said: "It will, perhaps, interest you to know Mrs. Bennett and I are separated."

I could not avail myself of this opportunity, and it was not until years later that I finally met Mr. Bennett. You may be sure I did not refer to our earlier correspondence. I found him, however, a fascinating individual. Dressed like a fashion plate, he combined the tense, nervous drive of an overworked American executive with an Old World courtesy. But I never felt I had known Mr. Bennett at his best; he was undoubtedly a sick man physically when I met him in 1928. He had a very sallow complexion, his face muscles twitched constantly, and he had some vocal impediment, seemingly caused by paralyzed muscles, which rendered it difficult for him to articulate distinctly. I tried to persuade him to write his autobiography, and he told me laughingly that I was about the twentieth American publisher who had come to him with this request.

MYSTERY MAKER

ANOTHER VERY fleeting contact I had with a high-pressure Englishman was with Edgar Wallace. I called on him not so much in the guise of a publisher but rather as a mystery fan and as a playwright who had done some work in his field. I chanced to be coauthor of *The Spider* and had collaborated on other mystery plays and novels and so I talked with Wallace more about writing than about publishing. In line with newspaper reports, I found him engaged in quantity production. The walls of his large study were lined with bookcases, but the shelves were filled with more dictograph records than books. A typewriter on the table before him, a dictograph at his elbow, and a pile of multitudinous notes all testified to his industry. And yet he had that genius, possessed by most successful and speedy workers, for shifting his attention instantly from one subject to another without loss of concentration. And while I was there

I should have supposed he was possessed of ample leisure; there was no sense of hurry either in his movements or his mood.

He discussed with me his anxiety about the rapidity with which his books were being published in America — at the rate of five to six titles a year. He wondered whether his sales per copy would not increase greatly if he lengthened the period between publication and whether, in fact, he could not thereby increase his total sales and lessen his own work. Although it is a much-debated question among publishers how frequently a writer can issue a book without flooding his market, I was inclined to agree with him.

He had a new play, *The Case of the Frightened Lady*, which had just opened in London, and he asked me to see it immediately. I went that night and was rather disconcerted at the slow tempo with which English mystery drama is performed. To my surprise, Wallace telephoned me a few days later and asked me my impressions of the play. I tried to be both tactful and truthful but I am afraid I was not as enthusiastic as I should have been. He was expecting to sail for America in a few months, and we made tentative plans to lunch together when he reached New York. Little did I dream I should never hear his voice again and that his return to England from his Hollywood pilgrimage would be in a coffin.

CHILE MAPOCHA ACUNA

WHENEVER ONE thinks of Edgar Wallace, one instinctively thinks of the underworld. There are authors in the underworld — both good and bad — with whom I have brushed elbows. My descriptive adjectives, by the way, refer to the writing ability and not the morals of the authors concerned. Probably the most widely publicized of these figures was Chile Mapocha Acuna, who sprang into prominence in New York City as the star witness in the series of investigations of the local vice squad and its alleged “framing” methods. Acuna, in his testimony, revealed himself as one of the decoys in the system. His story created great excitement and resentment in many quarters, and eventually he was given a police bodyguard against the possibility of his being “bumped off.”

He called at my office one day accompanied

by his guard, two ferocious, husky-looking gentlemen, either of whom should have been able to put Acuna in his pocket. Acuna himself was a small, fragile, delicate-appearing man, with soft brown eyes and a shy manner. Leaving his escorts in the reception hall, I took him into my office and closed the door. It was beginning to rain, so I went to the window and closed it with a bang. Instantly my office door was thrown open, and his escorts literally spilt themselves into the room. They looked sheepish. One of them said, “Sorry, but we’ve gotta watch this fella. We don’t want any trouble while we’re on the job.” This was the first time, so far as I know, that a publisher has been suspected of luring an author into his office for the purpose of shooting him.

Acuna told me a pathetic story of his life and how, in order to protect and shelter his family, he had entered upon his revolting work. Curiously enough, at the risk of seeming overcredulous, I confess I was inclined to believe the essential parts of his story, at least to the extent of considering him more sinned against than sinning. He had written (I think with the help of a friend or a newspaper man) a book about his experiences, which he said quite frankly he wished to publish as a justification of his course and in the hope of vindicating his name. He was, not very strangely, eager to make any money possible but he wanted “his name right.” I did not feel such a book fitted in with our editorial policy and, besides this, I had my honest doubts as to its salability. Tactfully I explained the situation to him. To my surprise, he told me he was so eager to have it published he would pay me three hundred dollars to offset some of the risk involved. I was still reluctant to undertake the publication, and he left me in a most disappointed mood. I believe he subsequently made a similar arrangement with another publisher, and his book saw the light of day.

SHAW AND HIS BOOKS

I HAVE OFTEN been asked what was the largest and most difficult publishing contract I ever negotiated. Certainly both in the time and money involved and in the complexity of the contract itself no other publishing arrangement I have concluded equaled the importance of the contracts covering the collected edition of

George Bernard Shaw. And, speaking of contracts, it is a source of great pride to me to recall that (with the exception of this collected-edition contract) my family published Mr. Shaw's books for over a quarter of a century not on a scrap of paper but on a gentlemen's agreement and a handshake. Here was one of the world's most sought-after authors, besieged by rival publishers at every step, who stood by us and with us on a basis of mutual confidence and esteem.

For ten years, off and on, Mr. Shaw and I had casually discussed a definitive de luxe edition of his works. I say "casually," because Mr. Shaw, notwithstanding his desire for and his interest in such an edition, was always engrossed with a new play or book and was not anxious to forgo his original writing in order to collate and revise his old books. He always referred to our proposed Shaw Set as something to look forward to in the vague future. I, on my part, did not press the matter. To begin with, the investment involved in a collected edition of one thousand to fifteen hundred sets is very substantial. Secondly, and more important, I was uncertain, even if and after the entire edition was sold, whether he would be satisfied with the remuneration. And, above everything else, I wanted Mr. Shaw to be a satisfied author. I would far rather have never persuaded him to enter an arrangement than to carry it through to his dissatisfaction.

And so the matter lagged, till I had an idea that subsequently proved feasible. I knew that as a general publisher I was equipped to dispose of a limited de luxe edition, but I had no facilities for the larger market enjoyed by so called subscription publishers. These firms, usually specializing in sets, not only sell by mail but also employ representatives to visit people in their homes. If, I reasoned, I could make an arrangement with such a firm, over the course of years, various editions could be published and marketed on a broad scale. This, I felt, would give Mr. Shaw distribution by a method to his liking. So one summer I broached the idea to him, and, subject to many restrictions, he gave it his verbal approval. We discussed for hours his wishes and preferences and the types of financial arrangements to be made. I knew that many months would be needed to make the necessary arrangements in America,

and, of course, these could not be concluded without referring them back to Shaw again. Accordingly we agreed I was to conduct various negotiations in New York and, once I had the American end clarified, was to return to London.

On my arrival in America, therefore, I began conversations with William H. Wise, whose firm for many years has specialized in the subscription and mail-order field. Mr. Wise, a man of great charm, wit, and brilliancy, saw the possibilities of the arrangement and sat down with me for long and weary months of detailed planning. I sailed for London the following summer carrying with me voluminous contracts embodying the three-cornered deal between Shaw, Wise, and Brentano's. In general, they carried out Mr. Shaw's wishes and commands, although many questions had come up which I had not previously anticipated; and here all I could do was to carry out what I felt to be the spirit, rather than the letter, of my instructions.

When I reached London, the storm broke. Mr. Shaw professed himself surprised and to some extent displeased that I had returned to him with complete contracts drawn up by lawyers. This was unnecessary, according to him. For, despite the warm personal regard and high esteem in which he holds his American legal representative, Mr. Benjamin Stern, Mr. Shaw distrusts lawyers as a tribe, even English and Irish solicitors. He prefers to draw up his own contracts. Accordingly, day by day and clause by clause, we battled over and revised the contracts until they were more satisfactory to him. And, daily, as soon as I left Mr. Shaw's house, I would rush to a cable office and radio Mr. Wise a complete text of the day's changes, in order to secure his comments and approval. Usually his reply would arrive early the following morning, and I would convey his sentiments and reactions to Mr. Shaw. My position was not an enviable one, for I had to satisfy both Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wise, let alone myself. Eventually, at the end of two years of planning and discussion, innumerable letters, cables, and arguments pro and con, the contracts were finally signed and witnessed one hot, September afternoon. The occasion was celebrated (and should I say solemnized?) at an English high tea attended by Mrs. Shaw, the American

Consul (in his official capacity to notarize the documents), Mrs. Brentano, and myself.

THE SHAVIAN CHARACTER

AND YET, in the midst of the turmoil, there were charming moments, rare episodes, which illustrated the uniqueness of Mr. Shaw's character. For example, in our preliminary discussions about finances, he and I had agreed on a certain division of profits. Subsequently, when I negotiated with Mr. Wise in America, the way in which the contracts shaped up made it legally and mathematically impossible to follow our prearranged plans. I worked out what I felt to be the equivalent of the former arrangement, but it was much more favorable to Mr. Shaw and left Brentano's with a smaller share. When, the following summer, he came to the paragraphs dealing with this point, Mr. Shaw angrily waved his long arms, his face red with anger. "This is not what I agreed to," he shouted. "But, Mr. Shaw," I interposed pleadingly (hoping to explain the reason for the changes), "you don't understand — you —" "I understand well enough," he answered belligerently, "that you've given me more than was agreed upon — here, where's my pencil?" Before I could say another word, he lined out various clauses and wrote in a new arrangement not only restoring the old balance of division but even tipping the scales in my favor. What can you do with a man like that?

On another occasion I had a protracted argument over a clause to protect Mr. Wise in the event of the sudden disability or death of Mr. Shaw. As Mr. Wise had explained to me, once the arrangements were concluded, they would require a heavy investment on the part of his firm, and he demanded protection against any physical or legal accidents which might delay his definitely planned program. To cover this point, we had a clause which provided for the continuance of the project without interruption and delay, in the event of Mr. Shaw's disability or death before all the material was in Wise's hands. This clause, for some reason that even today I do not know, enraged Mr. Shaw. He demanded that it be struck out of the contract. Mr. Wise insisted that it remain. I continued to argue. Mr. Shaw scattered the papers with a wave of his hand, rose from his desk, and walked out of the room in

dignified anger. I waited a few minutes and then left the house silently. For several hours, heartsick, I roamed the streets of London, cursing myself for upsetting two years' work in one morning's insistence. Finally, footsore and soul-weary, I reached my hotel. The desk clerk called to me. "A message for you, Mr. Brentano." I recognized Mr. Shaw's handwriting and eagerly tore it open. Here was the message:

4 Whitehall Court,
London, S.W. 1,
21st, Sept., 1929.

Dear Lowell Brentano,

I think the enclosed will cover the risk of my dying or going noticeably more dotty than I already am.

Faithfully

G. Bernard Shaw.

One of the high spots of the summer was a last-minute invitation to attend the opening performance of *The Apple Cart*. A London opening, especially a Shaw opening, is an occasion. Unlike first performances in America, where one can sometimes obtain seats in advance at the box office, always from an agency, a London opening is a social event, by invitation. The dress is extremely formal, with women wearing their choicest evening gowns and men their tailcoats and high hats. Naturally I had a Tuxedo with me but I had a sense of diffidence as I visualized the stares of the English four hundred at the vulgar American. I mentioned the matter to Mr. Shaw, who scoffed at my scruples. "Be like me," he boasted. "Whatever I do is right. If I wear a sack suit and all the others are in full dress, I make them feel they're wrong. Remember, my boy, whenever you feel out of step, always act as if the other fellow wasn't in step with you."

I am afraid that I never paid the proper attention to the performance. My wife and I were hardly seated when Ambassador Dawes and Ramsay MacDonald were ushered into the seats directly behind us. Cautiously I turned myself sideways, so that the rest of the evening I could listen to the play with one ear and to their comments with the other.

Either Mr. MacDonald had suffered a hard day which he could not shake off or the performance annoyed him. At any rate, he sat there, stiff and dour, and listened unsmilingly to the jibes about the English Parliament and

Ministry. Dawes, on the other hand, kept up a continuous series of chuckles and at sallies he particularly appreciated would jab MacDonald vigorously in the ribs. Finally, as the action of the play progressed, the King and Queen were holding a garden party, and a loud announcement was made: "The American Ambassador to the Court of St. James." For the first time Mr. MacDonald seemed to come to life; he slapped Dawes on the leg and laughed heartily at the characterization. I heard him whisper, almost in a tone of revenge, "Now it's your turn!"

TACKLING ROYALTY

SPEAKING OF KINGS and queens recalls to my mind the time and money I spent in a vain attempt to be the publisher to a king, or, to be more accurate, the world's most important ex-king. When the revolution in Spain occurred and King Alphonso abdicated and left his native land, I realized that His Majesty's autobiography would be a trump card for any publisher. My associates thought my idea preposterous, so I resolved to seek further advice. It so happened that I was acquainted socially with a very beautiful and talented Spanish girl, the daughter of the Marquesa B. She and her mother, who had intimate contacts at the Spanish court, had spent several years in America partly on a confidential mission for their government. While I was deliberating whether or not to talk with Miss B. about the matter, she telephoned me, in great excitement, and voiced what was already in my mind. Accordingly, we met immediately and discussed at length the feasibility and possibility of sending her, accompanied by her mother, to Fontainebleau as my emissary to secure a contract with the King.

Lest at this late day I seem moon-struck to have ventured on such an enterprise, I can only say that every important newspaper, magazine, and syndicate rushed representatives abroad by fast steamer with the same end in view. Within two days I concluded arrangements with the editor of one of America's most famous magazines, by which we jointly shared the expenses of Miss B.'s trip and he, in return for a mouth-filling sum, was to have the magazine rights of the book, when and if secured. Then ensued another breathless

day when, with Miss B. at my elbow to guide me in court etiquette, I wrote and destroyed letter after letter to His Majesty outlining our financial proposals.

We put the ladies on a fast steamer, sailing within four days after our original consideration of the project. They were equipped with enough warnings, directions, and equipment for any polar expedition, not forgetting a complete and private code for use in confidential messages. But, alas, all our efforts were in vain. The ladies arrived in due course at their destination and found many of my competitors and colleagues already besieging the premises. We did have the satisfaction of knowing that Miss B. was one of the few people ever to secure an interview with various members of the royal family, but there was never an occasion to present our offers. She was told that a certain English syndicate had far outbid us, if the matter were to be decided on purely financial grounds. But the King's attitude at that time was that, irrespective of finances, he would write nothing for anybody. He felt that the political situation in Spain should not be further complicated by any public statements by him and that both his dignity and the welfare of his country would best be served by reticence! Subsequently, many articles and a few books telling about his experiences and purporting to reveal his sentiments have been published. But only within the past few months, so far as I know, has Alphonso written a personal record of the kind we sought.

I was in Paris the summer of 1931 and, in an effort to follow up the most recent developments in the matter, had the privilege of meeting the King's private secretary, the Marques de Torres de Mendoza. The Marques, a slender, vibrant little gentleman, looking not unlike Adolphe Menjou, is a gallant who speaks flawless English. On his first visit, he kissed my wife's hand with a flourish, greatly to her embarrassment. She resolved to be prepared for him on another occasion and, after a manicure, sprayed the back of her hand with perfume. But this time, evidently with a realization that his first advance had taken her aback, he shook hands in a businesslike, American manner and disconcerted her afresh.

The project of the book was still incubating. His Majesty did not feel that as yet the time

had come to break his self-imposed silence. I tried to explain, tactfully, that news, like food, is a perishable commodity and that, the longer His Majesty delayed, the less valuable his book became. No matter, Marques Mendoza said; His Majesty realized that, but nothing could be done at present.

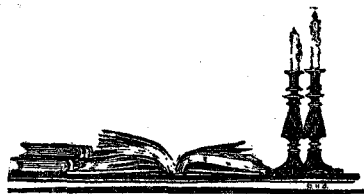
Through the Marques' kindness, I expected an appointment with the King the following week; and for the next few days I studied court etiquette. But three or four days later the Grand Duke Alexander died, and the King came to Paris to assume charge of the funeral arrangements. He went into royal mourning and canceled all tentative appointments that had been made for him.

This and the other experiences I have been recounting are but a few of the many contacts I have enjoyed; in fact, it is this aspect of publishing I now miss most. There is a sense of loneliness in being cut off, even temporarily, from the mental stimulation of working for and with authors. For to me publishing is far more than a business; it is an art, inasmuch as it deals with a spiritual product, intangible values; it is a career of cultural and intellectual richness, which in the space of a lifetime barely affords a mastery of its techniques; it is a game in every sense of the word; it offers companionship, competition, zest and variety, continuous excitement, unexpected battle, according to the turn of the wheel. It is a racket only to those who abandon their inner integrity and sublimate every fine and honorable aspect of literature for experience and an immediate

profit. It is a profession, not, to be sure, as exactly defined as law, medicine, and engineering, but nevertheless preimposing standards of taste, based on knowledge of books that have passed and prescience about books to come.

For, in the end, the publisher, as I see it, is a divided soul. He wars against himself, as the pendulum swings from the artist in him to the businessman and back to the artist. If he inclines solely to either extreme, he is lost. A publisher who is merely a businessman is not, to my mind, a true publisher. "Man does not live by bread alone." An artist who is merely an artist, who despises commerce and balance sheets, will soon sit in an ivory tower, weaving dreams to and for himself. Only by maintaining the ideal balance between literature and life can a publisher exist and continue year after year to serve his public and his own self.

And so, to a true publisher, it is the future which beckons imperiously. He is like some fabled monster with an unending appetite; he needs books, more books, still more books. And books spring from human personalities. But what books? And what human personalities? Who can presage the turns in public taste, and what type of fiction will entertain the crowd next year? Who can foresee coming movements and events that will alter human life as we know it to-day? Who will be the personalities of to-morrow? Who will guide the destinies of our children's children? The publisher who can gaze into the crystal ball and answer questions like these will reap his reward not in heaven but on earth!



This concludes Mr. Brentano's reminiscences
of his career as a publisher

SWEATSHOPS, MODEL 1935

BY ROSE C. FELD

FIFTY YEARS ago American public opinion was aroused by investigations which disclosed the dangerous conditions under which certain consumer goods, among them cigars and men's and women's clothing, were manufactured, in whole or part, in tenement sweatshops. The sweeping elimination of this industrial evil makes one of the proudest pages in the history of labor reform in this country. We are not modest about that history and refer proudly to a nebulous conception called "the American standard of living." We profess to be horrified at reports of daily wages of twenty to fifty cents in Japan. We were indignant when Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt returned from a tour of Porto Rico and declared that women employed in highly skilled needle trades there were paid as little as two cents an hour. Such conditions, we stated firmly, would never be tolerated in the United States.

Unless these professions are meaningless, we will do well to regard with concern certain developments in the industrial life of our country today. For the sweatshop, relic of a primitive industrial past, has left us a heritage, a lusty offspring whose thriving growth is a dangerous threat to those high social and economic standards we so ingenuously proclaim. This heritage is the homework method in industry.

Homework flourishes in many fields but particularly in the fabrication of knitted and hand-embroidered goods and of popular novelties such as artificial flowers, lamp shades, veils, gloves, powder puffs, artificial eyelashes, jigsaw puzzles, and so on. Where the sweatshop involved hundreds of workers, and those concentrated in industrial centers, the homework industries involve thousands, and these scattered from Maine to California, with a vast number in outlying rural districts. Its very decentralization multiplies the difficulties of

controlling it, indeed, of even arriving at a close estimate of its full proportions.

Ten cents an hour is considered a high wage in the up-to-date homework industry. Three cents an hour is not an uncommon rate. No complete survey of the firms using this method, including definite figures of the number employed, is available, but here are some examples.

There is the Knitted Outerwear Industry. In one branch alone, that of knitted headgear, this industry employs 20,000 homeworkers in New York and 75,000 throughout the country. Wages range down to three cents an hour. One firm in another branch of the same industry, that of children's knitted garments, has 10,000 homeworkers "on call," employs 3,000 regularly, pays from four to six cents an hour (which is considered high), and has an annual pay roll of \$125,000.

The Pleating, Stitching, Bonnaz and Hand Embroidery Industry has 45,000 homeworkers scattered from New York to the Pacific coast. The glove industry is reported to be about half a homeworking industry. About 4,000 men and women in the South cane chairs at home for as little as six cents an hour. Two dollars a week is the code wage for homework in Porto Rico, and 70,000 homeworkers there do needlework for American firms.

II

FOR BRINGING this subject of homework out into the open, the writing of the NRA codes has been responsible. Over 600 of them have been drawn since July, 1933. Roughly speaking, twenty per cent are concerned with the homework problem. Over eighty codes definitely prohibit the practice. The rest of the twenty per cent have provisions or regulations to abolish it within a stated length of time or to keep it within agreed bounds.

Unfortunately, there was no federal yardstick by which the homework practices of all industry could be judged and accordingly regulated. Each industry went to Washington as an independent group, wrangled for a while, and wrote its own code. Where the mass of workers in the industry was factory-employed, there the regulation of homework was strict, if the practice was not abolished altogether; where the industry was already preponderantly organized on a homework basis, there the regulation was perfunctory. Outstanding in the fight for complete abolition and unique in the position of having not only enacted but enforced this provision are the men's clothing and women's garment industries. Their strong labor organizations, determined to avoid the destruction of wage scales brought about by the free employment of homeworkers, have been the chief instruments in this success.

But, regardless of the disposition in any code of the homework question, each industry has four separate provisions in its code for conditions of labor. These are: (1) the limitation of labor to forty hours a week; (2) a minimum wage somewhere between thirty and thirty-five cents an hour; (3) the prohibition of child labor; and (4) the right to collective bargaining. Whatever the adoption of these principles may have done for American labor generally, the fact remains that they have been widely violated. And one of the most prevalent forms of violation has been through the use of homeworkers.

The reasons for this are simple. A factory can be inspected. Pay envelopes and time-keepers' sheets are concrete pieces of evidence. To discover, in a factory employing fifty or a hundred or two hundred persons, whether code regulations are being observed is a reasonably simple matter. But to investigate the working conditions of 10,000 people employed by a single firm but living here and there about the considerable area of the United States is something else. In short, it cannot be done.

As a result, American manufacturers in many industries have cut down their factory personnel to a minimum and have turned to homework as the major source of their labor supply. Today, in tens of thousands of homes, the hours of labor run to sixty and seventy a week, the wages of labor range between three

and ten cents an hour, and the laborers may be immature children or feeble oldsters who would not be allowed inside a factory gate.

And remember that these conditions prevail not only legally in the industries whose codes are noncommittal or unconcerned about the homework question but illegally in many industries whose codes forbid it or restrict it drastically. In the latter group, the garment trades, as we have noted, are an exception; many others, however, have ignored the codes and are engaging successfully in a devious process of industrial bootlegging of homework. The Pleaters, Stitchers, Bonnaz, and Hand Embroidery manufacturers, for example, after a long wrangle over the homework problem, wrote a prohibition clause into their code. But a large group of them, from whom the opposition to the clause was chiefly derived, made up of hundreds of small contractors and subcontractors, individually only the tiniest of factors in the industry as a whole, knew that they would never comply, knew also that enforcement would be nearly impossible. They are still sending out their work to homes and are paying wages as low as four cents an hour. Nearly the same situation prevails in the Artificial Flower and Feather Industry, whose code prohibits homework, the principal difference being that the women and children employed in it frequently make only three cents an hour.

III

BUT, WHETHER the work is sent out legally or illegally, the fact remains that code provisions on hours, wages, and child labor are considered non-existent as far as the practice of homework is concerned. And collective bargaining, which might otherwise be an aid in maintaining the rest of the code standards, is impossible, since workers cannot organize when they operate independently and do not live in centralized communities. They must take what is offered them or get nothing.

The meaning of this in terms of disorganizing industry, of undermining the economic structure, of destroying the morale of employers and workers alike is a grim story. In making a survey of the situation for the Consumers' League of New York, the writer talked

with code authorities, with individual manufacturers, with men, women, and children engaged in homework. The question is many-sided.

One of its most vicious features is desperate competition within the industry. The manufacturer who complies with the law, who prefers to or who must have his work done on his own premises, who pays the code wage, who works no more than code hours cannot possibly meet the competition of the manufacturer who farms out his work into homes. The first pays rent for factory space and showrooms, for factory equipment and upkeep, for power and light. The second cuts his factory space down to a minimum or does away with it altogether. Most of his rent is for transportation rooms and showrooms only. He has no factory equipment, no upkeep charges, no power, no light to pay for. His wages are often as little as ten per cent of the factory wages; the hours his workers give to their labor depend on their wishes or their needs, and may be augmented by assistance from other members of their families. Both these manufacturers sell their products in the same market, with the consequence, only to be expected, that the manufacturer of the homemade article can underbid the manufacturer of the factory-made article to a point where the latter ceases to be a factor in the economic scheme.

A typical case found by the writer was a manufacturer of machine-knit berets, in that branch of the Knitted Outerwear Industry which employs almost 100,000 homeworkers at a rate officially computed to be three cents an hour. Before the homemade product came into the market, this individual ran a factory employing 110 machine workers and sold his berets to chain stores with national distribution. With the arrival of the homeworked articles, he was practically wiped out. Chain-store buyers, many of them from the five-and-ten-cent group, laughed at the prices he quoted. They told him they could get a handmade product for a fraction of his figure. What was more, they added, there was no longer a market for the machine-knit cap. Women wanted "handmade" goods in the five-and-ten-cent stores. They got them. Homework supplied them.

To cope with this situation, this employer

fired 100 of his factory workers, keeping ten as a nucleus for unforeseen developments of the future, and at the time I interviewed him was sending the bulk of his work into homes, at the same wage rates as his competitors. One hundred workers thus joined the ranks of the unemployed, and several hundreds were added to the thousands already laboring for a few cents an hour. Subsequent to these developments, a Washington code hearing of this industry ruled to abolish homework after January 1, 1935. How effective the prohibition will be remains to be seen.

Competition from Porto Rico is another factor in some industries. That island has for many years been a source of cheap labor for hand sewing. Now, the code for the needle trades there provides for wages of \$5 a week for machine labor in factories, \$3 a week for hand labor in factories, and \$2 a week for hand labor in homes. This, while a vast improvement over the former wage rates, is still insufficient to eliminate Porto Rican labor as a threat to wages in this country. Many American manufacturers cut their work here and send it to Porto Rico to be sewn or embroidered. In spite of rail and steamship charges, marine and hurricane insurance, losses due to the time factor, fees to agents in ports, agents in inland cities, and agents in remote agricultural districts, this is still a cheaper undertaking than paying American wages in American factories. One New York firm recently opened a factory of 700 machines in a Porto Rican city. Seven hundred New York machine workers, naturally, lost their jobs. Here, the consequence of this practice is to force competing firms into homework, which alone can compete with Porto Rican costs. The Infants' and Children's Wear Industry is a case in point, where this process has been carried out extensively.

IV

WAGES OF THREE, six, or ten cents an hour cannot support an individual or a home. A vast, unwieldy, costly program of public relief takes up the slack that unscrupulous industry leaves behind. Almost invariably, where you find a homeworker you find an individual getting home relief. It should be obvious that when industry ceases to feel the obligation or the compulsion to pay a decent

wage for a decent day of labor, the public is the goat. Part of that public is the woman who refuses to buy the factory-made product, produced at wages sufficient to keep the maker alive, and insists upon the "handmade" article.

And, bad as it is to find men and women once upstanding members of their communities reduced to homework and home relief, it is much worse to find boys and girls coming out of school to enter this demoralized industrial society. Two instances are typical of hundreds.

A girl of eighteen, living with her aunt, was working on veils, fastening chenille dots onto the veiling. Each article, when completed, was packed into an individual envelope. The rates of pay for this labor varied between five and seventeen cents a dozen. The girl's average earning was ten cents an hour. During busy seasons, working from early morning till late at night, she could make, she said, between \$6 and \$7 a week. Such weeks, however, were rare, she added, inasmuch as the work was highly seasonal and the agent who distributed it gave it out among a greater number of workers when orders were heavy. She had tried to get a job in a factory but failed. "They don't want us in factories," she said. "If I weren't living with my aunt I'd be lost."

A boy of seventeen, tall and strong, was found on the stoop of the tenement where he lived, gossiping with the housewives of the building. He had left school the summer before and tried to get a job in an office or factory. Hearing of a factory which trained youths and girls in art embroidery, he applied, and was taken on as a learner. When he was considered proficient, he was fired and told that in the future he could come in for homework. In busy weeks, he said, he could make \$2 a day. Lately there had been nothing. If he could average \$5 a week, he thought himself lucky. His family was getting home relief.

There are, of course, exceptions to some of these generalities about homework. By Executive Order of the President, of May 15, 1934, those codes which prohibit homework may make exceptions for substandard or special workers, classified in three categories: the worker suffering from some physical handicap, not of a contagious nature, which confines him to his home; the worker whose services are

needed at home to care for another person who is bedridden or an invalid but not suffering from a contagious disease; the worker who is, from age or other cause, incapable of making an adjustment to factory routine.

These are the people to whom the clothing trades, after careful investigation, send out homework under special permit, but all of them — and this is highly important — all of them get the same rate of pay in the home as in the factory.

Policing of labor conditions in these industries lies in the hands of the organized workers, who, aware of the danger of homework competition, check all work that goes out for compliance with the code conditions of hours and wages. But, where the workers are unorganized and cannot fight for code compliance, it is not only the crippled, the handicapped, and the old but the sound, the free, and the young who are forced into homework.

Difficult though this problem is, it is not, if we regard the example of others, insoluble. The homework method, new to us, has been common in European countries for many years, and laws regulating it are on the statute books of Austria, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, France, Germany, Great Britain, Norway, Russia, and Switzerland. Great Britain has a minimum-wage law for homeworkers. France, in certain of the garment trades, pays its workers in homes the same wage as those in factories. Belgium has a new national commission to deal with homework. Regulation, as in these countries, is one answer.

The other answer is unequivocal abolition, by federal statute or uniform state legislation. For the codes, which, unless renewed, will pass from existence in June of this year, are not effective means of control. They are as strong only as the integrity of the parties to them. And their status as temporary measures has led frequently to open or secret flouting of their provisions by those who have found it profitable to do so. Should they be renewed, it is still unlikely that they will live longer than the present administration and probable that they will be among the first of the New Deal innovations to be discarded. The conditions they are fostering in industry, in spite of their worthy aims, will remain after them, unless these evils are uprooted today.

HOW LONG WILL YOU LIVE?

BY RAYMOND PEARL

NO SIBYLLINE oracle or scientific formula can predict how long you will or ought to live; all that science can do is prepare tables showing you how long human beings actually *do* live, then let you estimate your own chances. If, for example, you aspire to round out a Biblical "threescore years and ten" on earth, the tables indicate that you have slightly more than one chance in three of doing so. Life-insurance statistics reveal that out of each 100 persons born in the United States, over a third are alive at 72. A decade later, about 12 of the original 100 are still living. Thereafter, the odds against further longevity rise more rapidly. Only one or two of 100 starters in life's race ever pass the 92nd milepost.

As for spanning a full century — well, a genuine centenarian, you may console yourself, is exceedingly rare. No person has ever advanced indisputable proof of having lived more than about 110 years, and such famous cases as that of "Old Parr" (reputed to have died at the age of 152) are deserving of no credence whatsoever.

For a number of years I have kept exhaustive records of persons who have lived to be 95 or older, and from an analysis of these records — some 2,000 carefully authenticated cases — it has been possible to derive a composite picture of the biologic, physical, and temperamental equipment possessed by persons who might be called "practicing Methuselahs."

The first and by far the most important requisite of longevity, as these actual case histories show, is having ancestors who were long-lived. In other words, you inherit the biological characteristic of living a long time, just as you inherit blue eyes or red hair. If your forbears died young, you have a relatively poor chance of breaking any long-distance records in the life marathon but, if your parents and grandparents lived to a ripe

old age, you probably will in some degree inherit this same biological trait.

Let us take an example from our records — Case P191. Mrs. P191 is a hale and hearty nonagenarian. Her father died at 78 years of age, and her mother at 91. Her paternal grandfather reluctantly left this vale of tears after a sojourn of 99 years and 6 months; his wife, P191's grandmother, died at the respectable, if not particularly extraordinary, age of 78. But the grandmother on the mother's side did better. She stayed around for 94 years. Her husband unfortunately died of typhoid infection at 35 years of age. But anyone whose parents and grandparents together lived over 475 years has a sound background of family longevity.

Actuarial studies we have made show that the contribution of heredity to longevity can be precisely measured. As an example, consider two groups of baby boys. All the fathers of all the boys in one group died before they were 50 years of age; the fathers of the other group all lived to be over 80. The average duration of life of the babies in the second group was 22 per cent greater than in the first group—more than 10 years per person, on the average, of longer living.

Next to heredity in insuring long life, seems to be the matter of temperament. Are you naturally tranquil-hearted, and does your temper ride an even saddle? Let us hope so, for the calm and contented type seems to have a very important advantage in the old-age sweepstakes over the person who is fretful, irritable, and inclined to worry.

The evidence also tends to show that the person who avoids too-strenuous exercise after 40 and does not engage in heavy muscular labor has a much better chance of long life than the misguided chap who overtaxes his middle-aged boilers with a freshman head of steam.

TO DISSIPATE OR NOT TO DISSIPATE?

ONE OF THE commonest myths about longevity is the notion that dietary coddling and abstinence from alcohol and tobacco will guarantee a full harvest of years. In the records there appears to be little to support this admirable but deluded point of view. Some of the persons on the list of nonagenarians have been lifelong teetotalers and abstemious eaters; others have habitually tamped home vast cargoes of food and quaffed Olympian draughts of malt and vinous liquors whenever thirst so dictated. Many of them smoked cigars, pipes, and cigarettes; others abhorred tobacco in any form. Some lived amid toxic urban fumes; others inhaled nothing but pure country air. None of these things appeared to affect longevity either favorably or unfavorably.

Obviously abuse can wreck a sturdy frame, but it is also true that no amount of dietary solicitude and no heroic devotion to a "daily dozen" will carry an individual into advanced old age if he has a constitution biologically inadequate for the journey. To put it another way, it makes less difference what you *do* than what you biologically *are*.

A thing that is noticeable in the old-age records generally is that few persons who live past 90 have ever had a surgical operation or, if they have, the surgery has been of a minor character. There is nothing mysterious about this fact; it merely means that people who live to be 90 or more are the kind of people who constitutionally are not susceptible to surgical diseases. Major surgery, in a broad sense, is the branch of the science of medicine which devotes itself primarily to the correction of innate, constitutional biological defects of the individual. Nonagenarians, by and large, have no such defects.

This leads to another odd paradox. No small number of the persons in our collection of

cases have "enjoyed poor health," as the phrase goes, throughout the greater part of their long lives. The reports say that they have "always been sickly," or "frail," or "semi-invalid." This is really not surprising. It has long been known, from a variety of evidence, that morbidity and mortality do not connote the same things biologically. A person may have a great deal of sickness, continued intermittently over many years, and yet live to a ripe old age.

What kills nonagenarians and centenarians in the end? Comprehensive studies indicate that heart diseases are responsible for roughly 24 per cent of all deaths at ages of 90 years and above; diseases of the arteries (hardening, etc.) account for approximately 10 per cent of such deaths; breakdown of the breathing apparatus, the respiratory system, accounts for 12 to 13 per cent; failure of the kidneys to perform their function takes off roughly 12 per cent of the males and 9 per cent of the females. About 7 per cent in each sex die because their alimentary tracts (stomach, intestines, etc.) fail. Roughly three quarters of all the deaths of nonagenarians and centenarians occur simply because these four systems — circulatory, respiratory, excretory, and alimentary — finally wear out.

The whole subject of longevity boils down to this: persons who spring from long-lived ancestors and thereby inherit a toughly constructed, infection-resisting, soundly functioning constitution are likely to live to an unusual old age. Medical science has done much, and will do more, to prevent what might be termed premature mortality, that is, death before 50, especially from infections; but persons in the extreme-old-age group will continue to live because heredity and temperament have given them a physical organization capable of resisting the noxious forces that cause death to their less-sturdily constructed fellow men.

In an early issue:
"How to Tame Dragons,"
by Gerald Heard

Taking the Turn

The best time on a farm is when
Sleep lies on the most of men.

It is when you rise and go
By starlight, through the dew or snow,

With your lantern by your side,
To see that all is right outside.

You take your turn to see all housed;
The cows with velvet eyeballs drowsed.

The hens grown gentle as the dove,
Bunched all together in their love.

The utter peace of sleeping pigs,
Strange lacework of the maple twigs.

The fairy world that spiders spin
Along the corners of the bin.

The house's gable high with night,
Familiar things made strange by light.

Undulant beauty in a plow,
A pitchfork's shadow on the mow.

Wings out of homely things that soar
When your lantern's on the floor.

The shadow that a staple throws,
Hay chaff like an airy rose.

All is gentle, slow and sure,
Peace behind each fastened door.

All is quiet, hunger done,
Peace beyond light of the sun.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN



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DREAMS AND DREAMERS

BY JACOB H. CONN

MANKIND HAS dreamed and delighted in talking about dreams for thousands of years. It was in the dream that primitive man experienced the most vivid proof that the spirit could leave the body. During these experiences, he could enjoy things that he had never been able to possess in the matter-of-fact world. He did not act as one who was limited by time or hindered by distance. His spirit could move rapidly from one spot to another while he lay fast asleep on the ground. He would experience in a few seconds what appeared to be hours of pleasure. All this made the dream a delightful experience.

Indeed, at times, there was a great desire to dream in order that a good demon might appear and direct the dreamer into worth-while ventures or warn him against possible dangers. The Ojibway Indians starved themselves in the hope that such dreams might occur. Other tribes, as the Iroquois, considered their dreams to be actual experiences and obeyed them as such.

At other times there were fearful dreams of being chased by demons or animals. Natives of Borneo and the Fiji Islands still speak of the spirits of those who are asleep as tormentors who go about in the shape of animals or fiends avenging the wrongs done to them.

It was for these reasons that savage tradition maintained that the spirit left the body during sleep. It was, therefore, considered dangerous, if not fatal, suddenly to awaken one who slept or who walked in his sleep. Every member of the tribe had heard tales about spirits who had lost the way back to the body after such interferences. When a Melanesian fell into a trance, the medicine man resorted to the beating of drums and loud incantation in order to direct the spirit to the body and to prevent evil demons from entering. The mentally sick, who acted as if they could hear the voices of in-

visible beings, seemed to corroborate such traditional beliefs.

Moreover, each tribe contained one or more members whose spirits seemed to be able to come into contact with other spirits. At certain times, a fiendish spirit would seize and convulsively shake these individuals and then throw them, limp and breathing heavily, to the ground. The modern term "epilepsy" is derived from the Greek word which literally means a "condition of being overcome or attacked." This is a verbal heritage which has been handed down from the time when such seizures were considered to be the "attacks" of an evil demon.

The modern savage carries with him many of the traditions of his ancestors. Stories are told concerning aborigines who have refused to work on the day following a dream in which they have engaged in hard labor. "We already have worked all night," they reply to their masters, "why should we work all day?"

The natural limitations of primitive thought and language made it difficult to differentiate between the I-who-lies-asleep and the Not-I-who-wanders-about-in-the-dream. Language for the present-day savage, as for his distant predecessor, consists of many gestures, grimaces and a few elementary word sounds. Even today, the African Bushman utilizes sign language to such an extent that he is practically unintelligible in the dark to his fellow tribesmen. The Bubes of the island of Fernando Po are unable to speak to one another after twilight. The Fans of West Africa utilize an expression which says, "Let us go to the fire to talk it over," when darkness appears. Primitive language faced an impossible task when it became necessary to discuss the adventures of a Not-I who could abandon the limitations of space and time and yet meet everyday acquaintances in strange places.



Continence*

All these difficulties were increased by the peculiarity of savage thinking. Although the Zulu planted his corn and built his hut in accordance with practical horse sense, he reserved a different type of thinking for magic, mythmaking, and the dream. He told stories in which all things, animate and inanimate, seemed to act as if they could think, feel, and talk. The savage also believed in the efficacy of incantations and assigned a ghost or spirit to every object about him. It was this type of imagination associated with a primitive, limited vocabulary which made possible the belief in the reality of the dream.

II

THE BELIEF in the occult powers of the dream is by no means absent in modern culture. Schopenhauer relates that "having written a letter I laid my hand on the ink-pot instead of the sand-box to dry the writing. The ink spilt on the floor. I called the servant to wash the floor. While she did so, she told me that she had dreamed the previous night of doing this and had told her dream to the other servant who confirmed the statement. This story puts the reality of such dreams beyond question. *Therefore, all that happens is fated.*"

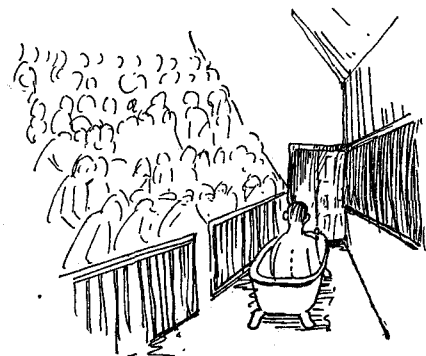
The present-day psychiatrist would have been interested in learning how many times the absent-minded professor had upset the inkwell in the past and the number of occasions that the exasperated servant girl had anticipated finding a floor covered with ink when her master rang for her. The fallacy of many such premonitory dreams lies in the fact that the dreamers have *forgotten* the great number of times when nothing of significance has occurred

* EDITOR'S NOTE: — *This and the other illustrations used here are reproduced from Dreams, by Percy Goldswait Stiles. They are the author's sketches, usually made immediately upon awakening, portraying as exactly as possible his own dreams.*

despite repeated dreams of warning. Only the rare positive events of harm, illness, or death are recalled.

A young lady recently told the author of an intense feeling which she experienced not infrequently while driving. During these times, she felt that she would be badly injured. Up to this time, she has remained in good health despite many "warnings." Nevertheless, if anything should occur on one of these drives, this person can truthfully say that "I had a feeling that something dreadful would happen, and it did."

It is this type of feeling-tone which is incorporated into the dream of warning or premonition. What is usually lacking in the various accounts of such dreams is a description of the personality of the dreamer. It would be



Humiliation

worth while to record the subjects of insecurity and the character of the emotional instability in each case, as well as the bare facts of the dream and the events which it foretold.

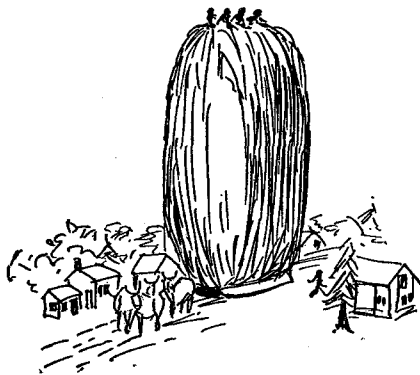
The desire to tell a good story is another important fact. Does the dreamer have the need to impress his audience? If so, he will distort the dream, add new details and suppress other incidents which detract from a well-rounded, dramatic tale. It is of great importance to examine each dream in the light of the life situation of the dreamer. The man who dreams of the death of a possible benefactor may also be sensitive to "spirit knockings" announcing the occurrence of this event.

Much has been made of these dream tendencies in recent times. But as early as 1851 it was said that "often enough that which we do not dare either to do or say when we are awake will present itself to us in a dream." The dream, also, has been compared to the safety valve by many writers, but all of these investi-

gators had referred to *some* dreams — not to every dream.

The most popular of the current theories has been formulated by Freud. Many investigators have opposed his original statement, which considered every dream to be a form of wish fulfillment. These students of the dream have pointed out that it is a poorly veiled attempt at an oversimplification of data.

The following quotation from Steckel sums up this attitude: "Into this Procrustean bed he [Freud] wedges in every dream. Thus he neglects altogether the telepathic dreams which do not happen to fit into his theory. . . . He brushes aside also all other dreams which we must recognize as denoting warning or anxiety as well as the dreams which we may call "instructive." . . . If one sees only the crav-



Stomach-ache

ings, one may easily be led to the erroneous conception which I myself held for a time that the dream is merely a wish fulfillment. . . . But if we investigate the inhibitions, we find back of them also the influence of culture: cravings, preparations for the future, foreshadowings, religiosity and moral restrictions of every kind."

To this statement might be added the observation of Kimmon, based on the analysis of several thousand dreams, namely, that two trained observers may come to a totally different interpretation when confronted with the same dream content. Jung concludes that "to interpret dreams on the basis of a general theory or on certain presuppositions is not merely ineffectual, but definitely a dangerous and harmful practice." Certainly a critical observer may seriously doubt the wisdom and the *exclusive* value of such procedures.

Furthermore, as Jung states, "by means of gentle persuasion and the use of a variety of assumptions . . . the dream can be construed to yield almost any meaning. Before every attempt we make to understand a dream, we ought to say to ourselves, 'This dream can mean almost anything.'" It is a natural assumption, therefore, that *a full knowledge of the patient and his total life situation* is necessary before any sound interpretation of dream content can be made.

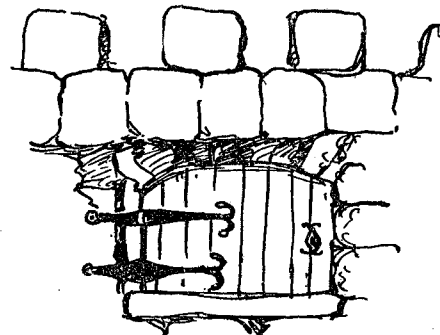
A failure to approach dream analysis in this manner means the application of a technique which is held up to scorn, namely, the use of the fixed symbol, as found in an Egyptian dream book. The casual reader of Freud's *Introductory Lectures on Psychoanalysis* may, therefore, be misled by the following statement: "The writing-table drawer, like all drawers, chests and boxes, is a symbol of the female genital." The interpretation of dreams is not as simple as all that.

III

THE DREAMS obtained from patients illustrate the necessity of knowing the life situation of the dreamer, his personality, as well as his responses to the dream material.

A timid, immature woman, who was engaged to be married, became apprehensive, then developed attacks of palpitation with choking feelings. She came to consult a physician because she was convinced that she had heart trouble. Her dreams contained a description of "a boat going through the streets and into the ocean." In relating this dream, she added, "I was afraid and thought of how I would feel when I entered the ocean." Her emotional response to the dream was one of impending danger. The associations included the statement: "It is like entering a new life. . . . I am

Headache



still afraid of marriage, even after all these months. It [the dream] is like talking in another language [i.e., symbolic]."

The same patient related another dream in which she was "struggling" because she was "all tangled up in a mass of blue ribbons." She went on to describe the ribbon — "It is baby blue" — then she began to laugh, saying, "Why, that is my problem — about marriage and the possibility of children. I am all tangled up and don't know what to do about it."

The dreams in this case afforded the patient an opportunity to focus her attention upon her life situation. Her previous complaints of palpitation and sinking feelings could be understood in the setting of her difficulties concerning the approaching marriage instead of her fears of heart trouble.

The symbolic language of the dream is also of interest in the following account. A young woman with feelings of insecurity, whose father had disapproved of her engagement, awoke frightened after the following dream: "I dreamed of a fight in a sunken arena between an elephant and buffalo. I looked at the fight from the top. The buffalo struck the elephant with his horns; suddenly the elephant crushed the buffalo against the wall, and the lights went out."

Her further associations were self-interpreting: "The elephant was the older one. It was my father. The other was my fiance. It is a tossup between the two; that's what it amounts to. . . . It hasn't been decided yet whether I stay at home and continue to keep house for my father or get married."

The dream may be utilized for the purpose of regaining self-esteem. In the course of treatment, a patient has related many details which have accentuated his feelings of inadequacy. He has told the doctor of many defects and of his failures in the past. He can compensate for these revelations in the dream. A man with marked feelings of inadequacy who had been having difficulties with his wife dreamed: "I visited you [the physician], and you lived in a dingy room. Your voice had an inferior quality, lacking in strength. The woman, who was in

the same room, was not as good-looking as my wife." The associations included the statement: "I was trying to pull you down to my position, if not lower. Now [in the dream] you had worse troubles than I."

Thus the dream content may concern itself with a wish, a warning or stage a play revealing the difficulties which are present in the immediate life situation. At other times, the dream may present an attempt to compensate for an irksome situation.

There are many additional facts to be taken into consideration before the investigator can accept such a blanket explanation for the dream as an "unconscious wish." Among these additional facts to be considered are such phenomena as the creative dream in which Coleridge wrote *Kubla Khan*, the dreams of premonition, which the investigator in psychic research claims as his own domain, and the synthetic dreams in which problems are solved as if by some agency behind the scenes.

Also, there must be included those results which are brought about by physiological stimuli such as body posture, poor circulation, febrile reactions, or a full bladder. The results of sensory stimuli which are applied to the body, as when the subject's hand is dipped into water and swimming dreams appear, constitute another set of facts. Stimuli such as result in falling and floating dreams are closely associated with alterations in the apparatus of hearing and, therefore, can be studied from this viewpoint. The facts derived from moving pictures and books, as well as from events of daily life, are included in the dream.

All of these types of dreams *may* partake of wish-fulfilling tendencies or they may *not*. Every case in hand must be evaluated upon the basis of the facts which it presents. No *one* theory can account for all these facts. The dream, like the infinite variety of personality reactions which it envisages, must of necessity present a multiplicity of aspects. There can be no short cut to the truth. Those investigators who desire to work with human facts as they find them must learn to accept the limitations that life itself places upon them.

Next Month:

"Science Turns to the Supernatural,"

by Aldous Huxley

DEATH ON THE HIGHWAY—II

BY RUSSELL HOLT PETERS

GENERALIZATION on the cause and cure of a traffic problem that caused 36,000 deaths in 1934 is no less dangerous than the average generalization on any wide-flung subject. You cannot and I cannot put a finger on any one thing and truthfully say, "Eliminate that and you eliminate death." However, if you are really anxious to alleviate your traffic troubles I can give you a helpful suggestion. Look to your police courts. Or, if you have them, your traffic courts.

On this I am insistent. Your traffic laws may be of the best, your streets may be adequately lighted and marked, your enforcing officers may be alert and intelligent. But they aren't worth a tinker's damn if your judges don't toe the mark. Show me a police court where the fixer can work, where money and influence temper verdicts, and I can show you a city of abnormal traffic accidents and abnormal traffic deaths.

You can put it down as axiomatic that any and every traffic-safety campaign will fail unless you can get the support of your judges and your county attorney. And I don't mean lip support, either. Political promises are easily made. They are not so easily kept.

Last month I cited the parallel between traffic-enforcement laws and laws to enforce prohibition. The parallel continues into the courts. We crowded our liquor dockets with the inconsequential while the influential continued to violate the laws with reasonable safety. So, also, are our traffic dockets, in too many cities, singularly free of those who have a friend who has a friend who knows the judge.

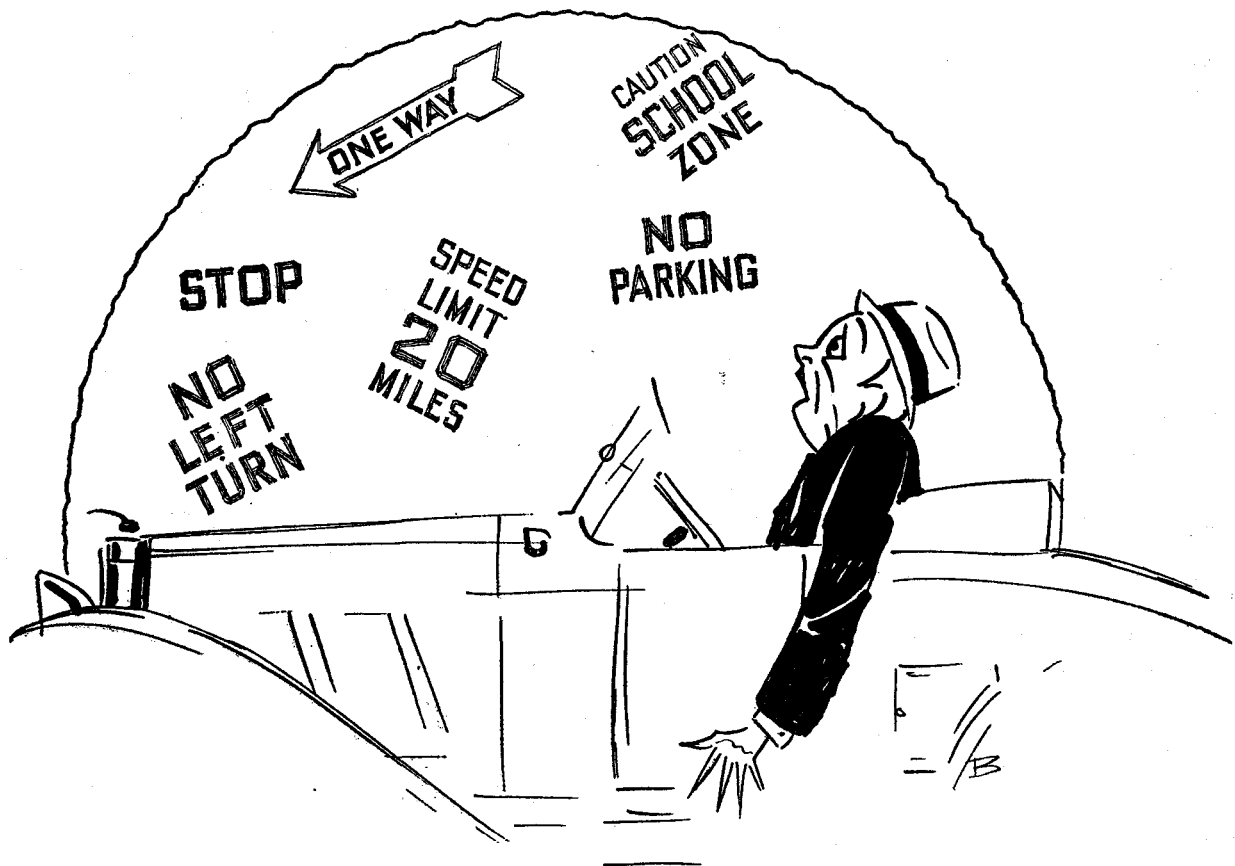
However, don't be too hard on the judge. He is no machine but a human being who gives you the type of enforcement you want. To continue the liquor analogy, enforcement was light in cities that were happy to run wide open, severe where the bulk of the voters

really wanted a dry law. So it is with traffic enforcement. If you really want it you can get it. And you won't cut your accident rate until you do get it. Be assured of that.

Let me give you the city of Evanston, Illinois, as an example of what can really be done when the spirit moves. Evanston has an unusual and highly dangerous traffic problem. It is beset with peak loads on its streets when workers are going to and from downtown Chicago. The traffic death rate in Evanston was running 27 per 100,000 in 1929 when Franklin M. Kreml, a police officer, went to his chief with a program for accident prevention. Briefly, it included a study of the entire traffic situation in Evanston to determine danger spots and the creation of a police safety squadron to eliminate them. For the greater glory of Evanston let it be recorded that Kreml was given aid and encouragement.

He was sent to more than 20 cities to study traffic-safety work and on his return was made director of a bureau of accident prevention. Six recruits ignorant of police work were assigned to him to mold into a competent, highly trained force of safety patrolmen. An accident survey was made of the city. Each location with a high rate of accident frequency was studied to determine the cause and remove it. Perhaps a marker was needed. Perhaps shrubbery obscured the view. The fault was remedied. If a major highway's record indicated that speed at certain hours was a source of frequent accidents, motorcycle officers were assigned there at the proper time each day. A map of the city, properly marked as to accidents and kept up-to-date, informed the safety squadron at all times of weak spots in its work. Thus, by eliminating many of the causes of accidents, many casualties were averted.

As a part of the program of education,



pedestrians were warned to observe safety rules, by officers placed at intersections shown in the survey to be dangerous.

In this way Director Kreml was able to concentrate his force where it would be of greatest value instead of following an all-too-frequent program of hit-and-miss enforcement. He was also able to avoid the indiscriminate placing of stop signs and traffic lights. That, alone, was a godsend. In too many instances safety markers and traffic lights have actually been a contributing cause of accidents through their prodigal and muddleheaded use. When traffic is hampered, as it often is, by signs and lights for which there is no reasonable justification, it breeds in motorists a disrespect for all warning signals. The result, of course, is an accident when a sign is disregarded at an intersection where real danger exists.

In this our smaller cities are the greatest offenders. Many small towns, in outbursts of civic pride, hang two or three stop lights on their main streets when you could shoot a French seventy-five down them without causing an injury. Traffic congestion is already costing this nation \$2,000,000,000 a year, which is quite enough. I suspect this sum could

be cut considerably if the citizens of some of our towns discovered what they are spending in gasoline for motors idling before useless red lights.

SMART POLICE WORK

TO RETURN to Evanston. Having made the city as safe as possible for motorists who obeyed the laws, Kreml and his squad tackled the job of instilling a fear of the law into those who hadn't the common sense to respect it. In this they had two advantages over the usual police traffic force: they were properly trained and properly equipped.

First, and of great importance, an accident was not regarded as a routine job in which names were taken, stories noted, and offenders brought before the desk sergeant for release on bail. When an accident was reported, a traffic-enforcement car was sent to the scene. The injured might have been removed to a hospital, but nothing else was touched until officers from the Bureau of Accident Prevention arrived. Upon their arrival they photographed the cars, photographed skid marks, if any, and tested brakes with a decelerometer, if the brakes could be released.

All this as evidence for the courts, for the routine of the Evanston police varies in one vital detail from the usual procedure in other cities: the police of Evanston file the complaints. Any insurance man who writes automobile-liability policies can tell you what that means. So can traffic-enforcement officers who find their complaining witnesses no longer willing to testify. It means, in short, the elimination of a widespread practice, the withdrawal of charges because of a satisfactory settlement. In Evanston, however, you settle twice: once with the owner of the car you have damaged and once with the judge. Moreover, and this too is a necessary link in the chain, the Evanston traffic policeman comes into court with his complaint properly backed up with evidence. And he gets a conviction.

Often the securing of that evidence is quite as difficult as getting evidence in a murder case. It is the result of painstaking and intelligent detective work. Such work brought in a hit-run driver who had injured a schoolboy. Traffic policemen were told the car was a gray sedan. They could uncover no other information. It was no task to find a gray sedan, but finding the right one was a different story, gray sedans being fairly common in any large city. When they at last found their car there was no outward sign that persistence had been rewarded. No smashed head lamps, no bent fenders. But caught in one of the front-spring shackle bolts were a few threads. They were taken to the crime laboratory at Northwestern University. Microscopic comparison of those threads with threads from the boy's clothing proved them duplicates. Arrest and conviction followed.

That is a bit of drama in what is, after all, a rather routine job. More frequently the traffic squad is called in on accidents something like the following:

Two cars have collided at the intersection of a highway and a side street. The cars are there when the squad arrives. Stories are taken, and they conflict. The driver coming from the side street swears he pulled up at the stop sign and had just started up when a car, coming well in excess of the legal speed limit, struck him almost without warning. His passengers back him up. The driver of the second car is

alone. He has no witnesses to verify his story, which runs something like this: He was coming along at a rate of speed moderate for a through highway when a car came through the stop sign and struck him. Obviously someone is a colossal liar. The traffic squadron examines both cars, studies the skid marks on the pavement, and gets out the decelerometer for a brake examination.

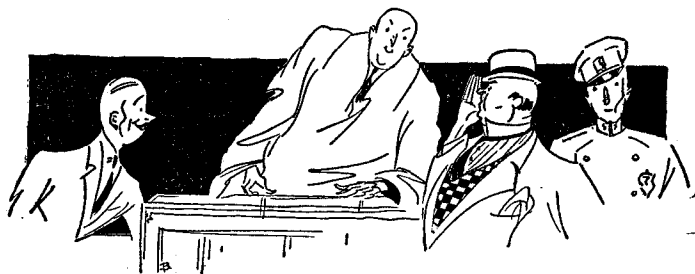
When the tests are completed one of the officers walks over to the driver from the side street and tells him exactly what happened.

"In the first place," he says, "you didn't make any attempt to stop at that sign until you were two feet from it. When you put your brakes on you were traveling not less than 30 miles an hour. My instruments tell me that from the length of your skid mark and the condition of your brakes."

There is little additional argument. Perhaps the driver, only partially confounded by this mysterious bit of recreation, still protests he was struck.

"Not at all," says the officer. "Look at those marks on that other car. They got there because you hit it." And he photographs them as evidence for his case next day. And another driver goes to jail, or is fined. Better yet, he is thoroughly impressed with the power and intelligence of the police.

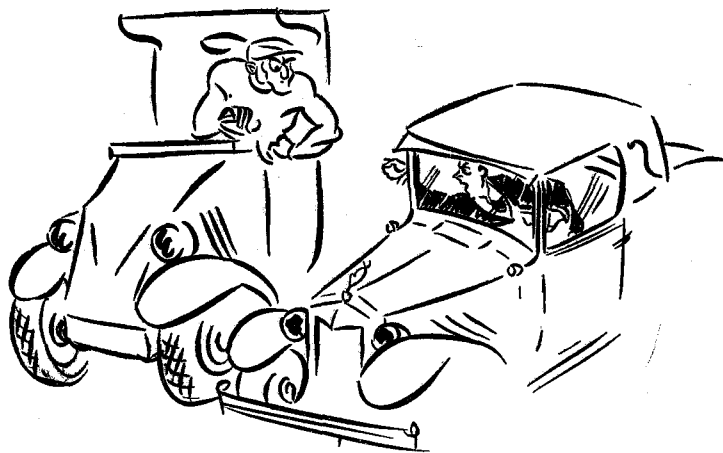
All that they do in Evanston. More, they conduct driving classes for women, they educate high-school students in the proper handling of a car and in traffic regulations, and they make their experience available to police officers from other cities. Any city seriously interested in the Evanston traffic-control plan may send an officer to learn from the ground up. No charge is made for this service. Or a city, if it will pay the traveling expenses, may secure the services of Director Kreml to organize another bureau similar to that in Evanston.



YOUTH AT THE WHEEL

WHAT HAS BEEN the result of this application of intelligence to our traffic problem? A figure tells the story. The accident rate of 27 per 100,000, of 1929, has shrunk to 7 per 100,000. This in the face of rising death tolls in other cities.

There is no valid reason why equal results cannot be secured in any city. It would be a tremendous step forward. Unhappily, it is just



a step and not the whole journey. More than this must be done.

For one thing, we must have traffic regulations as nearly uniform as possible throughout the country. In other words, the man with a California license should be able to drive with the same assurance in Chicago as in his native Los Angeles. Traffic problems differ in our cities. Some have wide thoroughfares; others must contend with narrow streets and one-way traffic. Nevertheless, there is no rhyme or reason to the present confusion in which, for example, you turn left on a yellow light in one town, halt at its command in another, and regard it as a warning in a third. Basic driving problems, after all, are the same everywhere. There is no excuse for wide variance in basic regulations.

So, too, do we need a uniform system of driver licensing. The day has long since passed when we can permit any person, regardless of skill or physical fitness, to drive a car on our highways. Yet many of our states still fail to recognize this and require no licenses, while in others the possession of a license is little more than recognition of payment of the fee demanded. Persons with prac-

tically no vision, persons with no hearing, persons subject to epileptic seizures, and habitual drunkards are operating cars in our traffic maelstrom. This should be stopped and can be stopped. Curtailment of liberty? If you insist. But so is the law prohibiting your use of the submachine gun.

The fact remains that states requiring the standard license recommended by the National Conference on Street and Highway Safety have shown an average accident rate 31 per cent lower than their more backward sisters. It is difficult to get around that, although many of our states still do.

Another proposal recommended by safety engineers is compulsory inspection of all vehicles. Seven states and a number of municipalities already recognize the danger of cars defective in safety equipment and require a periodic checkup. Many drivers will vigorously maintain their cars are in first-class condition. Nevertheless, of 3,000,000 vehicles inspected in 1934, no less than 35 per cent had faulty brakes, and 54 per cent were operating with bad lights.

The Travelers Insurance Company in its latest annual study of highway accidents records only 7.5 per cent of the cars involved in accidents as faulty, but warns:

No person should permit this figure to lead him into the fallacy that mechanically defective cars are relatively unimportant as a contributing factor in the occurrence of automobile accidents. It must be realized that very often wrecked cars preclude a determination of the mechanical condition that existed.

Another traffic-safety measure finding some popularity with enforcement officials is the radio broadcasting of traffic-court proceedings. This is done on the theory that many persons will be ashamed to have their traffic sins set forth for general consumption. Personally I am rather dubious. In the smaller cities, at any rate, the newspapers carry rather complete accounts of traffic-court sentences without too salutary an effect. However, a number of traffic-safety executives believe in the radio, and you will hear more from this newest campaign for safer streets.

Thus far this article has been principally

concerned with proper laws and their enforcement. There is one more factor — and a factor of tremendous importance — to consider in any campaign for traffic safety. That is the education of the driver: in short, the human factor. Latest available figures show that almost two thirds of our accidents are the direct result of driving errors. Exceeding the speed limit accounts for no less than one fourth of them. Right on the heels of the speedy driver as cause of accidents is the driver who does not have the right of way but takes it regardless. Eliminate the two of them and you eliminate the cause for exactly one half of our highway mishaps.

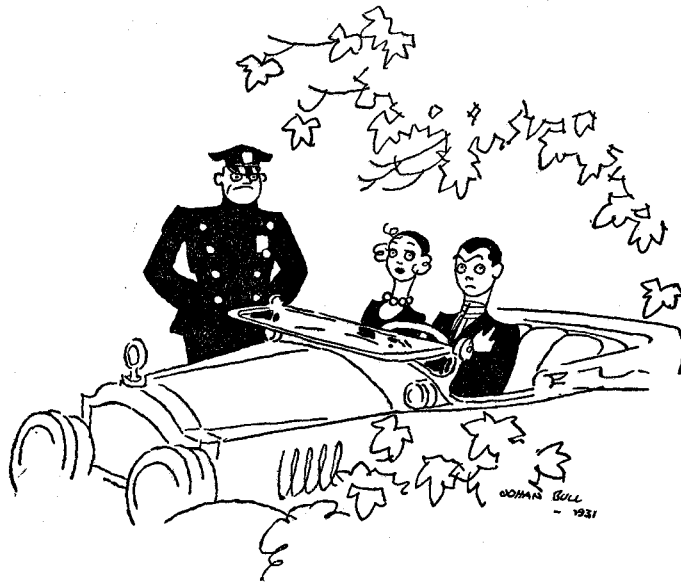
Their continuing existence is made possible by two things: inadequate knowledge of automobile operation and of traffic regulations and enforcement inadequate to curb those who must be saved from themselves.

Fantastic though it may seem, traffic-safety education must start in our kindergartens and never stop. Talks by traffic officers, by safety engineers, and by the teachers themselves will help guide the child to safety in our streets. Here is one place where real work is being done. Many cities can now boast a decline in child accidents as a result of an educational campaign plus proper safeguards around the schools.

The next and obvious step is the education of more mature children in the use of a car. We might as well face the fact right now and add a course in motoring to our curriculums. I realize, as well as you, that it isn't exactly a cultural course, but it will have its use in enabling us to stay alive to enjoy our culture. Incidentally, it will be a fascinating course for most children. Automobiles have a lure for youngsters unsuspected by many of their elders. They can name the different makes as they go by; they can talk of downdraft carburetors and knee-action wheels with amazing glibness. A little investigation will convince you that one of the red-letter days for the boy or girl who has reached driving age comes

when he is allowed to take the wheel of the family car. When that day comes, as it comes to all of us in this age of motorized transportation, he should be and can be prepared.

Already schools in New York and New Jersey are preparing their pupils for driving. And accident figures give reason enough for such courses. Youth with a motor car is one of our greatest single threats to life. During 1933, drivers between 18 and 24 were responsible for no less than 22.5 per cent of all of our automo-



bile accidents. And they were responsible for 27.4 per cent of our traffic deaths. Drivers under 18, of whom there should be few, if any, were the direct cause of 830 deaths in 1933, and their death ratio was 62 per cent higher than the general average. In all, 10,990 persons were killed in 1933 by automobiles operated by drivers under 24 years. And no less than 260,000 accidents were caused by these same youthful motorists.

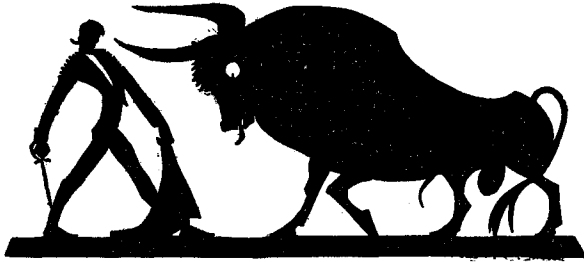
The answer is obvious: sound motoring education plus refusal to issue driving licenses to any but the competent.

Some day we will have superhighways, amply wide and almost without curves. When they come we may race, with some safety, at 100 miles an hour and more from town to town. But I would suggest you restrain your impatience until their arrival. You may live longer.

**This is the second of two articles
by Mr. Peters on today's traffic problems.**

SPORTSMAN FROM MALAGA

BY GEORGE MARVIN



COMING DOWN on the *Santa Barbara* from Havana to Callao I had read Ernest Hemingway's *Death in the Afternoon*, the most complete and vivid exposition in English of the bull ring, which antedates the prize ring by at least a century or two. With this partially digested — it is rather a toxic meal and certainly not *pour les jeunes filles* — and added to recollections of *corridos de toros* I had seen in Venezuela and Mexico, I thought I knew something about bullfighting. I realized my mistake when I met the vice-consul at Lima.

This man out-Hemingwayed Hemingway — a calm impossibility, one would say, after reading the book. Born and raised in Spain he was, and had been, the best part of his thirty odd years, a six-cylinder *aficionado*. More than that, I soon learned that he was rated in Peru as a first class amateur *torero* himself.

He took me out to his seaside villa in the lovely suburb of Miraflores and showed me his entire fighting kit: sword ground razor-sharp for half its length, with six inches of its point tempered downward at a slight angle; yellow-lined cerise cape for preliminary maneuvers; the red-serge *muleta* which is the matador's sole protection in the *tercio*, or last third, of each fight; and the nearly fifteen pounds of *traje*, the bespangled costume every *torero* is compelled by tradition and law — and vanity — to wear in the ring. Any man with a good

figure, who would hardly attract attention in street clothes, once he is caparisoned in all this silk and satin and spangle becomes devastating, especially to the feminine fans, the *aficionadas*, of whom there are a few thousands in Lima.

The vice-consul talked the technical lingo which makes the bullfight columns in the Lima papers about as intelligible to a North American as our baseball or football columns would be to anyone south of the Rio Grande, but he put into it a charm and a high-pressure apostleship which made the war Peru was about to declare against Colombia shrink to insignificance. Then, in his entire regalia, transformed to a being gracefully and splendidly murderous, he demonstrated on the smooth grass of his garden lawn all the *passes*, *suertes*, *quites*, *faenas*, and *mariposas* which make up the matador's repertoire of self-preservation. At the end he sighted along his blade like an expert marksman with a rifle and delivered the *coup de grâce*, holding his sword not like a sword at all but more as you would grasp a gimlet or a screw driver: thumb straight, two fingers hooked over the flannel-wrapped hilt and two gripping the lead-weighted pommel.

Even without the bull, almost he persuaded me to be an *aficionado*. There are fly-fishermen like that, golf players, fox hunters, too, but they are few and far between. Whatever the subject matter, it is stimulating to find any man so possessed, so on fire with an occupation or interest from which he gains no money.

In the evenings on the box-tree-bordered terrace of Linda's *café*, opposite the cathedral Pizarro built a hundred years before the settlement at Jamestown, we drank delicious West Indian coffee and smoked Havana puros with the bullfighters, all of whom the v.-c. knew on a first-name basis, and with them reviewed the processions of starry-eyed Peruvian *seño-*

ritas who form the remaining forty-five per cent of the bullfighter's life.

These *toreros* — "toreador" is now confined to *Carmen* and tourist vocabularies — were a simple lot. Famous on three continents and objects of the same kind of adulation our multitudes lavish on Babe Ruths or Bobby Joneses or Max Baers, there wasn't a sign of swelled head, neither manner nor mannerism. They did rather bask in popular favor, because nowhere outside of peninsular Spain are they and their profession held in such repute as in still-very-Spanish Peru. Most of them were of a type corresponding to our professional ballplayers: keen of eye, blue-jawed, taciturn. Only two or three could be called handsome, and the rest — deprived of their plumage and removed from the glory of the ring — would impress you as rather run-of-the-mill Latins, very much at their ease and easy to be with. Several of them had arrived recently from Spain, as is the annual custom, the seasons for *corridos de toros* alternating conveniently north and south of the equator.

These men were not sportsmen, not in any sense of the word. They are members of a profession, working for their living in an extra-hazardous employment; the best of them are practitioners of a lethal art which you can rightly appreciate only after a good deal of time devoted to understanding the details of what is going on before you. The glare and the blood and the tinsel blind you to the art and lead to its superficial condemnation on the part of alien critics.

As for the bullfight gallery, or the "gate," as our sports writers would call it, the *corrida* either in Spain or Latin America is an intense emotional experience which our "sports" spectacles cannot parallel except in prize fighting. Both are frankly sanguinary. The state of mind of a bullfight crowd, judging by the noises it makes and its actions, approximates that of the 52,000 North Americans who paid a third of a million dollars to see the matador Max Baer slaughter a brave bull by the name of Carnera. It is, perhaps, a just commentary that in their newspapers neither the Spaniards nor the Peruvians ever run the *revistas de toros* on the same page with their sport news — soccer, polo, pelota, tennis, or what have you — whereas our sporting com-

mentators lump the homicidal chronicles of the "rasslers" and the money fighters along with amateur games and intercollegiate contests. Accounts of the bull ring are as separate in Spanish news as the stock market is in ours.

THE BULL SCORES

GENERALLY there is nothing that one could call sportsmanship in these bloody combats that thrill thousands. It was my luck to witness one demonstration of sporting spirit in the Lima ring that was convincing to all beholders.

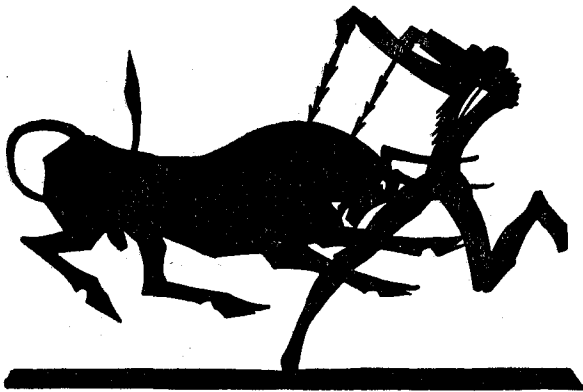
With my enthusiastic friend, the vice-consul, during a long stay in Pizarro's old city, I attended several bullfights, which come only on Sundays and holidays. He had two reserved seats in the front row on the shady side of the arena, just above and to the right of the *toril*, the gate from which each of the six bulls charges from darkness out into pitiless publicity, there to begin his courageous overture to certain death. Sitting with him through hot and exciting afternoons, there was little I did not see and eventually come to understand about these contests of nerve reflexes and varied physical courage.

The vice-consul didn't heave any beer bottles or seat cushions into the ring, as many of the other customers did, but for three consecutive Sundays he expressed himself as fed up with the performance and piloted his car home through a panoply of dust and dogs and people in gloomy silence. Apprentice matadors, or *novilleros*, were employed in these preliminary *corridos*, and the show each time had many detailed defects which the v.-c. patiently explained. He summed up the general grievance in saying there had been no *emocion*.

Accordingly on the fourth Sunday, when I drove out with him in his Ford to the Plaza de Toros, I expected something much more refined in dealing out and avoiding death or, at least, something different. The Lima papers all that week had been printing illustrated articles and advertisements about the forthcoming "Corrida de Emocion": bigger and better bulls had been brought down from the rancho of Augustino Leguia, exiled son of the old dictator of Peru, and the promoters were going to put on their first-chop matadors — Luis Freg, Rodriguez, and Arequipeño. They re-

gretted to announce that Carnicerito de Malaga, who had been billed for this gala performance, had been delayed at Guayaquil and therefore could not take part.

The Lima ring is the biggest in the world, next to the one at Madrid, but it is a ramshackle wooden structure on flaky concrete and needs repair. Along the red-painted barrier that separates and protects the spectators from what goes on in the arena, enterprising importers of United States products have emblazoned "Chiclets Wrigley," "Pneus Fire-



stone," and other familiar profanations of our own landscapes. The Arrow-brand young man was as unmistakable in Spanish as his beguiling sister of the North Carolina cigarette. For the first time that season the ring was packed to capacity. The heat and smoldering excitement made an atmosphere, tintured with a hundred years of killing, that drifted with scores of contributing smells to the clean blue sky over the Inca's mountains, the unseen smoke of lustful sacrifice made more sensuous by the rhythms of a band playing tango music as only Latin Americans can.

Our *café compadre*, Luis Freg, a famous Mexican matador photographed several times in Hemingway's book, who carries seventy-two scars of horn wounds and has been five times *sacramento* (received the last sacrament on five different occasions before expected death), drew the first bull. The programs for that day printed an outline sketch of Freg's body, on which were plotted, with their dates and locales, the *cornadas* he had received. It looked like a diagram of measles. And yet this man had no fear!

His animal was a huge black beast, well-

horned and looking for trouble. Freg made a beautiful performance, calm and nonchalant, that even I could appreciate, and at the end of his final duet with a fast-tiring bull, when he profiled and sighted along his blade to give the *estocada*, which should be delivered with exactness between the bull's shoulders, high up at the base of his lowered neck, nobody was prepared for what happened.

To make this thrust rightly, as every *aficionado* knows, the matador must enter from directly in front, between the bull's lowered horns, meanwhile decoying his attention away with the red *muleta* waved low in his left hand, must sink his sword in a target less than two inches square and then pivot out and clear.

All of this technique except the getaway Freg performed faultlessly, but the bull was at fault. He did the phenomenal thing. Simultaneously with the *estocada*, too tired to toss, he made a desperate forward lunge with his head. Neither of the murderous horns touched Freg, but the ridge of hard, bony substance between them caught the Mexican square in the solar plexus, knocking him out cold. The bull's knees buckled slowly, and he fell where he stood, Freg's sword hilt, the blade driven clear home, protruding from his blood-smeared, black hide.

There they lay, a yard or so apart, man and bull, both apparently dead on the hot sand, for only those spectators near us could see that a horn had not been driven through Freg's motionless body. There was blood enough for that in the group. The bull as usual was dragged out of the ring by four gayly festooned mules hitched to a trace, and two thirds of the crowd were on their feet yelling, "Bravo toro! Bravo toro!" The other third stood silently, watching three men carry a gray-faced Luis de Mexico to the dressing station under the stands. Ignominious exits both, but the bull got the hand.

EXTRA DUTY FOR THE MATADORS

IT TURNED OUT that Freg was not dead but so badly shaken and bruised that he was reported unable to carry on. This meant that either Rodriguez or Arequipeño would have to fight Freg's second bull as well as the two allotted to himself, six bulls making up the standard afternoon's death in Peru as in Spain.

The second bull out of the *toril* was smaller and not so *bravo* as the first. I noted this aloud.

"Looks small, does he?" growled my host. "Maybe he does from here. But get down there on the sand with a ton of mad bull coming dead for you with appointment in his eye. Man, he looks like a cathedral!"

At all events Rodriguez fought this cathedral badly — a tricky animal is always harder to fight than a blindly brave one. At the very beginning of the ceremonial (when the whole cast parades into the ring in the *paseo de cuadrillas*, each matador at the head of his *cuadrilla*, or team of bullfighters), I had noticed that Rodriguez, handsomest of all the Lima *toreros*, was very pale and walked with a limp.

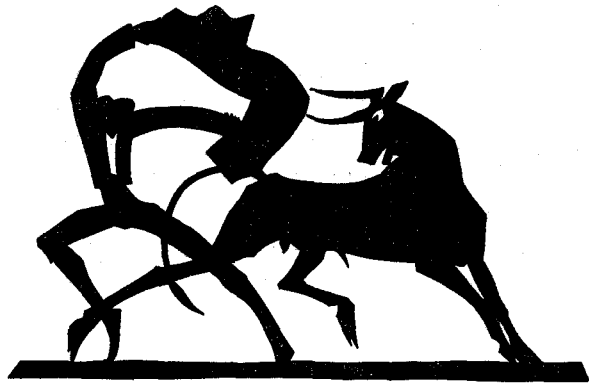
"Crotch wound," said the v.-c. "He's too soon out of hospital. They hurry 'em back as soon as possible because every man is under contract for the season, and the promoters lose money when anybody gets laid up."

Two of Rodriguez' swords struck bone, one after the other, when he attempted the *esto-cada*, and went slithering off forty or fifty feet through the air, leaving Rodriguez with a lame wrist as well as the unhealed wound in his thigh. He made a mess of the third sword, which penetrated the bull's lungs, causing him to spout blood, and finally had to dispatch a slowly dying animal by means of the *descabello*, a merciful stab with a broad-bladed dagger, which severs the vertebral marrow at the base of the skull.

Thus far, then, the much heralded-*Corrida de Emocion* looked like a bush-league bullfight. So, in effect said a disgusted vice-consul, and the crowd, which had howled for poor Rodriguez to be given the air (*demasiado del aire*) and had showered him with beer bottles out of range, began to cheer up only when Arequipeño did a very first-class job with the third bull, his own. This man, a good-looking native Peruvian youngster from Arequipa, who had fought creditably as a *novillero* in Spain the summer before, was brilliant and foolhardy, taking big chances to save the afternoon from being a washout.

Rodriguez being in such bad shape, Arequipeño, without any intermission, had to take on the fourth bull also, a savage which should by rights have been Freg's second victim.

It is part of every matador's paid job to assist, during the preliminary two thirds of each fight, in playing and exhausting the bull which one of the three is eventually to kill. With Freg groaning in the hospital and Rodriguez barely able to make the grade — in a football game he would have been ordered off the field — Arequipeño had also to do more than his share in tiring out bull number five so that Rodriguez might retrieve himself with the crowd, which very thing he fortunately did — to the great relief of all but the fanatics — his



white face twisted in pain, by an exhibition of sheer gameness.

The consequence was that the young and comparatively inexperienced Peruvian came to his own second bull, the last of the *corrida*, a very tired, hot, and evidently nervous *matador de toros*.

And by the luck of the draw this animal was the biggest and bravest of the lot, with a pair of horns resembling French bayonets. He shot from the *toril* into the sunlight like a brindle shell and proceeded to clean out the ring. More dangerous than the bravest bull is one that is wise. And this *bravo* had a method in his madness. Two peons, who had to drop their heavy capes, he chased clean to the barrier, which we all thought he was going to jump. He was hard to fool.

When the picadors made their entry on their sorry old blindfolded crocks, he bumped one nag down so hard he had to be destroyed and almost got the picador. Then, wheeling away from the brandished capes, he charged another horse and fatally gored it. Three picadors got their *pics* hard into the enormous, tossing muscle on his neck — to weaken this muscle and so

bring the bull's head low is the scientific excuse for the atrocity of the picador episode — without perceptibly dampening his ardor. Only two of the prescribed three pairs of *banderillas* could be harpooned into his galloping shoulders, and, when it came time for Arequipeño to enact the final stage of the tragedy, even that hard-boiled crowd of *aficionados* was uneasy. The other matadors were more famous and got more money, but this boy was their native idol.

The first two or three passes showed we had good reason to be concerned. Bad luck had already far overstepped the usual human hazard. Arequipeño had lost the cold courage that a man needs at this stage of the game and was so visibly worried that he could not dominate a vicious animal still full of fight. Up to this point all that had taken place in the ring had been customary in appearance and technique, although unusual in episode and way below par in *emoción*. That missing element was now unexpectedly supplied.

EMOCION DISCOVERED

DIAGONALLY across the shady side of the ring, to our right, a brown figure vaulted the barrier and walked toward the President's box. He wore a Panama hat, and brown shoes matched his suit of well-tailored clothes. He paid not the slightest attention to anything or anybody in the ring, swinging along with a measured, easy stride as though he were marching. And as he came past us a dead silence was broken at first into confused murmuring and then into wild yelling in which I made out the word "Carnicerito."

"Gosh!" said the vice-consul. "He must have come straight from the ship. She was due at Callao this morning, but they phoned us from the customs that she would be hours late."

Carnicerito de Malaga took off his Panama hat and in a voice we could hear distinctly asked permission from the *corrida* President to take this bull. Getting this permission, he then threw the Panama away and walked with the same easy stride over to where Arequipeño stood alone in the sun, two peons with their cerise capes having decoyed the mad brindle off to the far barrier.

Out in the late yellow sunshine those two figures faced each other for a silent moment:

the one glittering and spangled and "colorful," as the blurb writers would say, the other just like any one of the thousands of spectators, who made no sound now. The Peruvian handed over his sword and *muleta* and then, wiping his hot face with a handkerchief, went out of the ring on his own legs. The two peons let the brindle alone, and he swung around to face a quiet brown figure stepping along towards him, as though to music, with an amiable grin on his face.

What followed made an *aficionado* out of me. It also put into the bull-killing game that element of sportsmanship that I had hitherto missed. In any bullfight, the last ten or fifteen minutes of maneuvering with the *muleta* are by far the most artistic part of the spectacle, man against bull in a prolonged duel when a matador's delicacy and precision of footwork match those of a Maurice at the Café de la Paix and his judgment of distance must be quicker than Gene Tunney's at his best.

But the *matador de toros* is always prepared for this foot magic by his *zapatillas* — the glove-fitting black pumps of soft leather he wears; his knee-length satin knickers help freedom of leg action; and his general glory of costume lends grace and beauty, inspiring to the man himself, to every move he makes. Thus handicapped, Carnicerito smilingly approached the hardest bull of the afternoon, who was not yet safely tired.

Carnicerito fought him as Toscanini used to lead his orchestra, just about with that sense of mastery. He took the first charge in a *passe de pecho*, when the huge bulk is lured into a high lunge close by the man's chest, a trick so apt to cause a fatal goring that it is also called *passe de muerte*, the pass of death.

In some Cuban dance halls years ago they used to post signs which read, translated: "It is forbidden to dance without moving the feet." No such signs were posted in this dance of death, but the brown shoes did not move, heels together, when Carnicerito's mad partner surged by, and most of the people who had been sitting down began to stand up. Several times Carnicerito wheeled the bull so close that his shoulders, bloody from the *pics* and *banderillas*, left a red streak across the neatly pressed brown coat. Such turns tire a bull fast, twisting his spine as he is made to reverse sharp in his

SPORTSMAN FROM MALAGA

own length. They are also the most dangerous of turns because the bull has a chance each time to correct himself and distinguish the lure from the man.

Carnicerito knelt on the sand, still grinning, as he called out some insult to his bewildered enemy, and remained stationary on his knees as the brindle galloped furiously into a *muleta* held out by both hands with the sword, still further to extend it. I had for the first time *emocion*. Everybody else had it too. This man from Malaga gave a brave bull every chance

and took him gallantly to death as one courageous being gives the supreme compliment to another.

Only one sword for Carnicerito. He leaned in after it so far that for one second man and brindle beast were one figure, posed. Then he stood away, facing a bull already dead on his feet, the quiet figure of a sportsman in a soiled brown suit, but the grin was gone from his face. In the general pandemonium that broke loose I heard the vice-consul say, in a tone I had not marked before, "Muy hombre!"



Do you know—

WHO SAID IT?



\$1,000.00 for good memories

THE WHO SAID IT? Editor announces the following awards in the January-issue contest:

First prize, \$50, to Mrs. Marie Lagrange, of 253 West Madison St., Franklin, Ind.

Second prizes, \$10 each, to Miss Marion Rynn, 130 West 11th St., New York City, and Mrs. John S. Allen, 271 Forest Rd., South Orange, N. J.

Congratulations to the winners of the first monthly contest! All other qualified entries—including those received after the closing date for the January contest—are automatically entered for the Sweepstakes award of \$500.

Prize winners in the February-issue contest will be announced next month. Entries for the March-issue contest, which must be sent in on the form printed on the opposite page, will be eligible for the March prizes if they are received by the Editor of the *Who Said It?* Contest, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City, by 6 p.m. on Friday, March 15. And please note the new address. The offices of THE FORUM are now on the thirty-first floor of the General Electric Building.

It has been asked whether it is too late to enter the Sweepstakes competition. Of course not. The Sweepstakes competition does not close until June 14, 1935. And, for newsstand readers who wish to enter it at a late date, back copies of issues beginning with January will be supplied upon receipt of the regular newsstand

price, thirty-five cents. Address orders to the Circulation Manager of THE FORUM, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

Here is another question: Can substitutions be made for entries already sent in? Answer: They can, just so long as the contestant observes the closing dates. For example, substitutions may be made in the Sweepstakes competition at any time. A substitution in the March contest may be made at any time up to 6 p.m. on March 15. In either case, the previous entry may be withdrawn (it will not be returned), or the second entry can stand as an *additional* entry.

An eminent author and his wife, who are competing in the *Who Said It?* Contest, wonder why we revealed two January-contest answers in February. We did so because almost every contestant remembered the authors of those quotations from his grammar-school days.

Some contestants have failed to be sufficiently explicit. If you think Shakespeare wrote a line, say so but name also the character in the play who spoke it. Incidentally, a quotation from the Bible has already been attributed to William Jennings Bryan, Father Coughlin, Heywood Broun, and Edna St. Vincent Millay.

One more admonitory word to all contestants: the rules printed on the opposite page *must* be carefully followed, *including Rule 5!* Entries in each contest *must* be sent in on the blank provided for that purpose.

CONTEST RULES

1. *The Who Said It?* Contest is open to any reader of THE FORUM Magazine, except employees of THE FORUM, members of their families, or their relatives.

2. This issue of THE FORUM, the last two, and each of the next three issues will contain ten quotations. The object of the contest is to identify the individual who uttered the quotation.

3. THE FORUM Magazine will award monthly prizes (first prize \$50.00 and two prizes of \$10.00 each) to the person or persons who submit the *most nearly correct* sets of replies. In addition to the monthly prizes there will be a Sweepstakes prize of \$500.00 for the *most nearly correct* replies in *all six* sets of quotations. All entries will be dated in order of receipt, and weight will be given to promptness. Allowance will be made for entries mailed from distant points. The Sweepstakes award will be announced in the August issue of THE FORUM.

4. Entries of answers to the set of quotations printed in this issue must be received by the Editor, *Who Said It?* Contest, THE FORUM Magazine, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City, by March 15, 1935. Closing dates of the

other monthly contests will be announced later. The closing date for the Sweepstakes prize is June 14, 1935. Contestants must sign their names and give their address. Entries received without name and address will not be considered.

5. Entries must be sent in on the entry blanks printed in this, the last two, and the three succeeding issues of THE FORUM Magazine.

6. The Editor of THE FORUM Magazine will be the sole judge of the *Who Said It?* Contest, and, by submitting their entries, contestants agree to accept as final the decision of the Editor of THE FORUM Magazine in any and all matters affecting the conduct of the contest and the awarding of prizes.

7. Any contestant may enter as many sets of answers as he pleases.

8. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

9. The Editor of THE FORUM Magazine cannot undertake to enter into correspondence relative to the *Who Said It?* Contest, nor will any entry or set of entries be returned.

ENTRY FORM—MARCH

Editor, *Who Said It?* Contest
The Forum Magazine
570 Lexington Avenue, New York City

I desire to submit the following entry in the *Who Said It?* Contest and I agree to abide by the Contest Rules printed above.

Who Said It?

1. So free we seem, so fettered fast we are. Byron
2. Honesty is the best policy. Benjamin Franklin
3. Hold fast the form of sound words. _____
4. Certainly it is unimaginable that there should be any cause of conflict between two countries separated by the vast expanse of the Pacific. _____
5. Along the cool sequestered vale of life they kept the noiseless tenor of their way. Shelley
6. Life is short yet sweet. _____
7. Go west young man and grow up with the country. Warren Greeley
8. Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. Shakespeare
9. It is by the budget that economic inequalities are adjusted. _____
10. Reading maketh a full man. _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

This form must be received by March 15, 1935

OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.



INSIGHT

To the Editor:

I have read with care the article, "The Practical Side of Psychism," which appeared in the January FORUM. I have also read with special interest Dr. Rhine's volume, *Extra-Sensory Perception*, detailing the experimental work upon which the article is based. Both set me in that frame of mind in which, though not questioning the scientific sincerity of the author nor the factual data of his discovery, I do question the explanatory hypothesis with which the data are supported. My attitude in no way reduces admiration for Dr. Rhine's courage in attempting so difficult a problem with such patience and care.

In regard to the article we have two choices.

(1) We may accept the hypothesis of extra-sensory perception and then evaluate Dr. Rhine's estimate of its utility. In such case, we should naturally have to agree that telepathy and clairvoyance, being for us realities, have many uses — presumably in criminology, geological exploration, dowsing, and in social contacts — as Dr. Rhine points out. The assumption of their existence would certainly revise metaphysical theory and set problems of explanation for physics, biology, physiology, etc.

(2) A second course, however, is to question the explanatory hypothesis and then ask which of his stated implications accords with the revised notion. I shall choose the latter course, believing that it is more valuable to raise the fundamental issue.

While it is impossible here to review all the relevant details of his method, I should like to point out the following: Dr. Rhine arrives at his conception of extra-sensory perception by a process of eliminating negative hypotheses — (a) the hypothesis of chance, (b) of fraud, (c) of incompetence, (d) of unconscious sensory perception, and (e) of rational inference. I agree with his rejection of all of these but feel that he has left out of account another plausible hypothesis: namely, that the phenomena are to be explained by what the Gestalt psychologists call insight and the philosophers have long designated as intuition. Properly understood, insight is a type of thinking that employs both the active, conscious, rational processes and, in turn, the subliminal, marginal, or unconscious processes of integration — all in a definite pattern or cycle. The main requisites are the presence of a strong motive and of a more or less sharply defined problem-situation. Such thinking is best

seen, as Dr. Rhine agrees, in artistic or scientifically creative individuals. In a communication to me, Bertrand Russell remarks: "What comes first is a *problem*, a puzzle involving discomfort. Then comes concentrated voluntary application involving great effort." That is, an application of all logical and technical processes of manipulation and inference of which science and material are capable. "After this a period without conscious thought" — i.e., when the problem, owing to the difficulty and frustration involved, is temporarily relegated to the lower levels of mind. "And finally a solution, bringing with it a complete plan of my book. This last stage is usually sudden."

What happens *once* in such a case occurs, it seems to me, perhaps many times in the course of Dr. Rhine's experiments. At any rate, problems of card naming are set, frustrations are inevitable, since no rational process can lead to solution, and thought is thrown back into the lower levels of consciousness. It is during this period of unconscious consideration that reintegrations of material take place, these more nearly approaching the orders of chance in some minds than in others — a peculiarity of the individual nervous system, not to be explained by any influence of radiation or physical correspondence with the cards themselves. Of course such a process does make demands on physiology and neurology for explanation. But it leaves metaphysics about where it is.

Now, if we identify insight with Dr. Rhine's phenomenon in an explanatory capacity, we have to deny extra-personal agency but admit the value of insight in any field of productive thought. The most obvious general applications are to education, aesthetics, ethics, religion — wherever integrative behavior patterns are needed. But I do not believe we need an hypothesis of extra-personal agency to explain psychologically the phenomena of these fields, especially those of religion, conversion, prayer, mysticism, worship, as Dr. Rhine maintains, though we do need a revision of our traditional conceptions of the integrative function of the nervous system. This seems slowly to be forthcoming in the work of Cannon, Weiss, Lashley, Hartmann, Detweiler, and Bethe.

ELIOT D. HUTCHINSON
Assistant Professor of Psychology
University of Rochester
Rochester, N. Y.

To the Editor:

... There can be no doubt that nineteenth-century materialism should by

this time be dead as a dead dog and that a new philosophy must base itself upon rigorous experimental evidence. Hitherto the universities have been singularly cold to scientific exploration in the regions of the parapsychic, and philosophy has consequently suffered because of a lack of scientifically accepted evidence. I feel strongly that there is at last a turning of the tide and that the next decade will find us well on the way toward discoveries in this neglected area of our human powers. For this reason may I congratulate THE FORUM upon taking the venturesome first steps in presenting soberly, and yet persuasively, the case for our next great human adventure?

H. A. OVERSTREET
The College of the City of New York
New York, N. Y.

RICH MAN, POOR MAN

To the Editor:

On reading "I Was a Rich Man's Son" in your January issue, I naturally felt the necessity of comparing my own lot with that of Crosswell Bowen.

Then came the realization that my own viewpoint was very apt to be that of a large nonvocal class. With the intent of clarifying my own thoughts, I wrote what might be a sequel to the article in question.

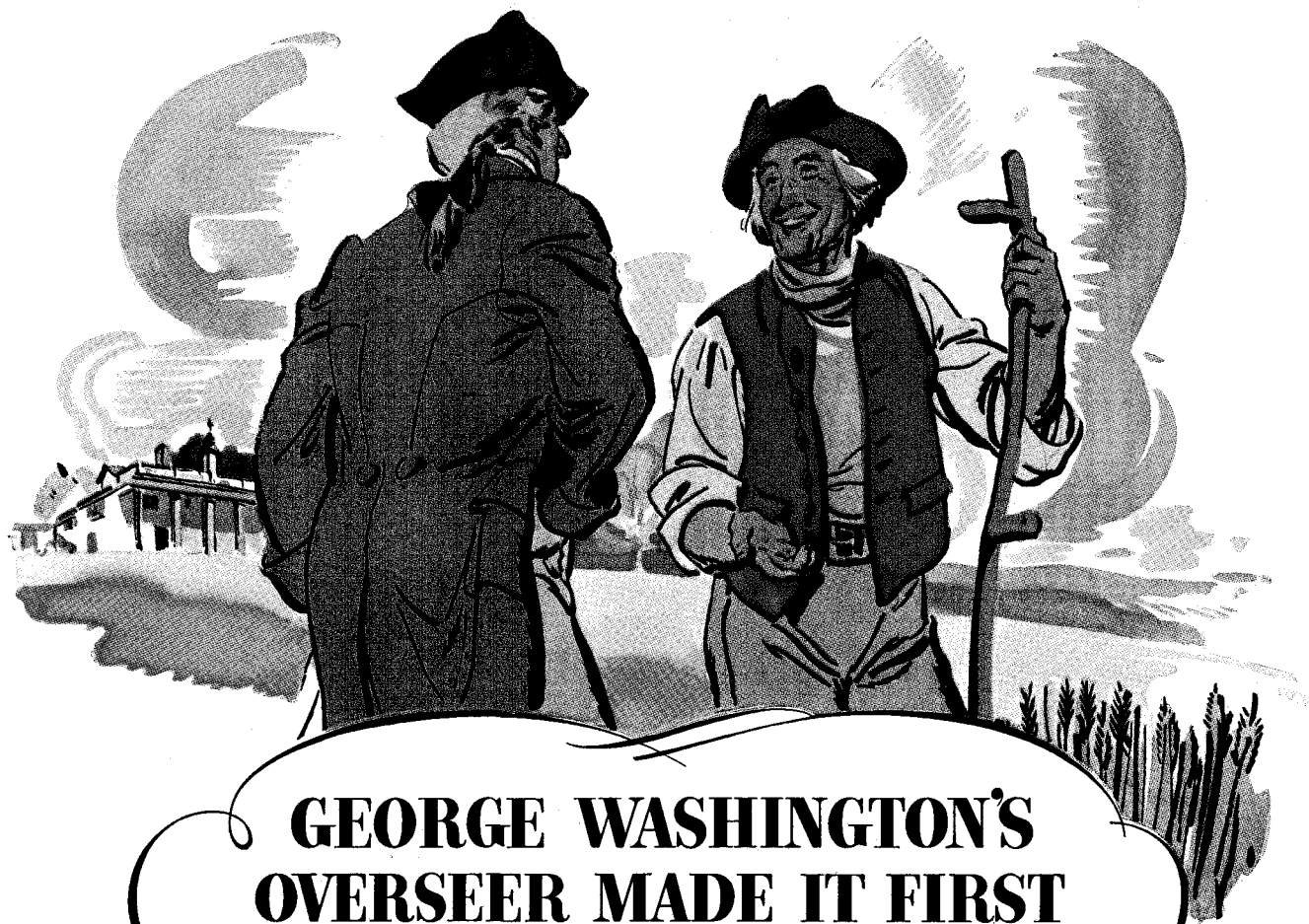
My friend and I are poor men's sons. We are of common background — he, the son of a Pennsylvania garage man; I, the son of a Jersey railroad man.

We have "had advantages." By the time we were in our senior years at college, we realized somewhat dimly that our "elders," although lacking our formal education, had gained much practical knowledge of the conditions through which they had struggled.

We can describe our parentage by this common characteristic — neither of our families has found it necessary to change its perspectives or its ideals because of current economic phenomena, even though its share of material comforts may have varied.

Bud was trained as a chemist in one of the smaller eastern colleges. I was given a chemical-engineering degree at a small New York City institution.

As far as we have been able to judge, our college years were full ones. Preceded as they were by intimate contact with manual labor, we did not miss the tradition of Cambridge. There were the contacts of intelligent and dynamic fellows whose like we were to meet when we entered business.



GEORGE WASHINGTON'S OVERSEER MADE IT FIRST

**and even in the early days of the nation
this excellent Rye was shipped to England**



IN THE DAYS after George Washington finished serving his country, and became once more a Virginia gentleman who made his home and entertained his guests at Mount Vernon, experiments with agriculture occupied much of his time.

He tried many crops on what he called the Dogue Creek Farm, and found its soil was especially favorable to the growth of rye.

Then his overseer, a Scot by the name of Anderson, came to him with an idea. Since every gentleman in those days needed a stock of good whiskey, why not set up a distillery at Mount Vernon, and make use of the grain which the land produced?

And so, in due time, guests and travelers who chanced that way enjoyed the hospitality of a whiskey wondrously smooth and memorable.

The owner of Mount Vernon was a shrewd

business man and sought a market for his surplus, selling it not only in the neighboring states, but even in England.

From that day to this, Mount Vernon has been one of the few American whiskies enjoying European fame.

The Mount Vernon distillery, almost a hundred years ago, was moved to Baltimore, but the formula and the fine quality of the rye were scrupulously maintained.

Few whiskies in the world have a more distinguished lineage. Few can provide the suave pleasure and lingering delight which await you in Mount Vernon today.

MOUNT VERNON

Bottled in Bond Rye Whiskey

THIS EMBLEM



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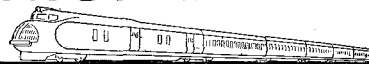
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OUR ROSTRUM

I had the added advantage of a close view of socialism and communism. More important, I gained first-hand knowledge of crying social injustices. The campus of my Alma Mater was located at the head of the Bowery, just below Union Square. The Communist Co-operative Restaurant and the bread lines at Zero's Hut were both familiar.

Bud and I are now employed as chemists. While naturally we consider ourselves underpaid ("Breathes there a man with soul so dead. . . ?"), an analysis of our circumstances shows that we are living very comfortably and in what appears to us to be almost financial security. A more significant observation is that our present standard of living is far better than was our parents' at comparable stages in their lives.

Rich Man's Son — we can say this to you. Let's forget our relative backgrounds. Let's forget the heartaches and misery of months of job hunting. We all know what it is. We're members of the same generation. It won't be long before we will have become the "older generation."

When that time comes, you will probably be back on top again. How will your memory be?

If you can be certain that coming years will leave you clean-cut memories of crowds you've left below you, perhaps you needn't worry so much. If a generation could be so thoroughly and truly educated as this would imply — then our depression probably would be worth the cost. . . .

JAMES CRANE

Buffalo, N. Y.

To the Editor:

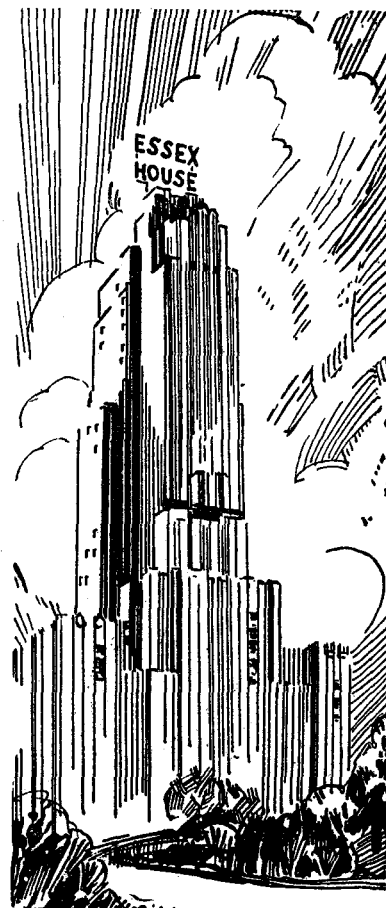
This is to clarify a point or two about the article, "I Was a Rich Man's Son," which appeared in the January *FORUM* under my name and concerning which I have had a number of queries.

The article was intended to present a composite picture of a generation — the Depression Generation (boys and girls who were graduated from college into the current depression). Everything in the article was not necessarily true of me. Instances and conditions mentioned applied to dozens of people whom I know. Then, too, I also tried to use statistics wherever possible. I cast the article in the first person merely because I personally feel very strongly about the whole business (being myself a member of the Depression Generation) and thought that presentation would lend it emphasis.

It is my sincere hope that the voices of other young men and women of my age and generation will be heard more and more.

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OUR ROSTRUM

VALUABLE CONTEST

To the Editor:

I have been a subscriber of your magazine for the past four or five years and, of all the contests that I have ever seen or read about in newspapers or magazines, doubt whether any one of them has proven or will prove of more educational value than the one [*Who Said It?*] you have started.

For the ordinary layman, who has to do research work to determine the origin of these quotations, this work is of inestimable value.

ARTHUR R. JONES

Philadelphia, Pa.

SMART MAN

To the Editor:

It is perhaps not usual to write letters about a letter, but Mr. Lee H. Smith's letter in the February FORUM impels me to . . . endorse it. In a few well-chosen words it sets forth the basis of democracy and the direction in which it should proceed and indicates the cul-de-sac into which the so-called radicals and too emotional and sentimental friends-of-workers and social scientists find themselves.

We have all been affected by that fear of criticizing a social "reform" because of its inherent *intention* to do good to a group which at present seems to be getting somewhat the worst of it in the general social struggle. We are intimidated by those who immediately charge us with having "middle-class minds" and with espousing Capitalism! (spit that out) as though it were a crime, when we express a mild doubt as to the conscious rabid desire of the capitalist to grind the people in the dirt. I doubt if anyone has pointed out more clearly the underlying psychology of the masses of the people of the United States (at least until recently), its reasonableness and the way it may operate for continuous improvement of the condition of the people under the present form of government (not including the New Deal's emergency measures).

It is a dangerous thing to maneuver a people into a belief that it is helplessly oppressed and must "revolt" for its rights. It is a higher, but less spectacular and exciting, work to show them and lead them along the way out. Mr. Smith has shown himself to be quite smart. I hope there are enough who think as he does to prevent us from blindly rushing into Fascism. . . .

R. H.

New York, N. Y.

CHILD LABOR

To the Editor:

It is lamentable that there should be any objection to the amending of the Constitution to permit the enactment of

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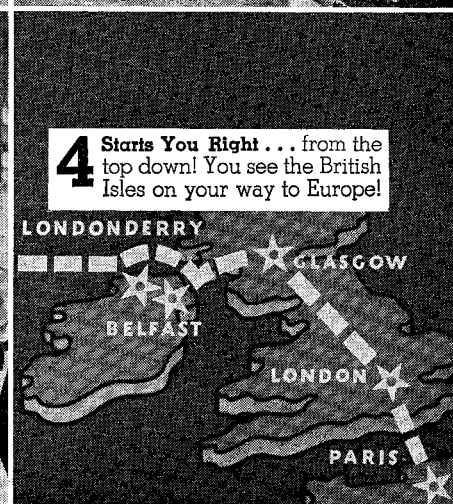
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OUR ROSTRUM

suitable child-labor laws, but that the objection should come from a woman is almost incredible. I say "almost" — that reservation being made when I consider that Ruth M. Miner [*"Beware the Amendment,"* February FORUM] is a member of that parasitic profession which thrives upon human misfortunes.

In her opening sentences she states that no civilized Americans would condone the exploitation of our children. Then she proceeds to nullify the sense of that statement by questioning the existence of such exploitation. This reflects either an abysmal ignorance of facts or a deliberate effort to mislead the reader. I am convinced that Ruth Miner is an intelligent woman and a well-informed one, as subsequent statements in her article prove.

She admonishes against the "solemn" and "sacred" performance of amending that much-abused instrument, the Constitution. Perhaps it shouldn't be meddled with over such a trivial matter as child exploitation, but as to the grave and momentous nature of amending the Constitution there is much doubt when we consider how lightly the Prohibition clause was injected and even more blithely tossed out.

If Ruth Miner will but seriously interpret the preamble of the Constitution she will admit that its framers intended that it should be adaptable to the needs of the nation, that it was not intended to be a rigid, inflexible instrument. I fully agree that it should not be amended to conform to every change of popular emotion, but if the protection of children does not warrant amendment then the Constitution is indeed a sacred document.

That such amendment is warranted by existing conditions is revealed by Ruth Miner early in her article when, in her review of state laws, she points out that four states permit night work by children under sixteen. If that condition existed in but one state it would justify rewriting the entire Constitution, if necessary. Or am I a bit archaic in my concern for children, the nation's only real assets?

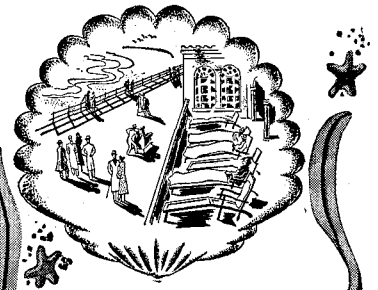
RAY WYLENGA

Portland, Ore.

To the Editor:

The United States Secretary of Labor, Miss Frances Perkins, in her article [*"A Necessary Safeguard"*] in February's FORUM on the proposed Child Labor Amendment to the Constitution, has indicated a fear that some states cannot be relied upon to protect the children within their borders from exploitation by unscrupulous employers; hence the necessity for the adoption of the proposed amendment.

The Secretary is aware that the Constitution does not give Congress power to



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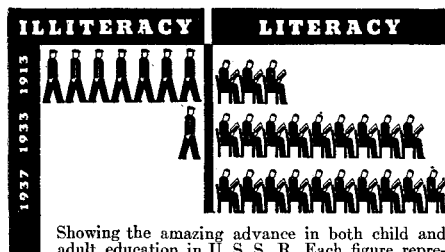
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OUR ROSTRUM

regulate or prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquor to children and that the only protection they have against unprincipled saloon keepers is the law of their state. The Secretary sees no necessity for the grant to Congress of power to protect children against the evils of the liquor traffic.

The lack of confidence of Miss Perkins in the ability of the states to prohibit unreasonable child labor is incompatible with her confidence in the ability of the same states properly to regulate or prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquor to children. At some future date she may take the public into her confidence and offer an explanation of the inconsistency.

JOHN JIEMS

Bridgeport, Conn.

CRIME DETECTION

To the Editor:

I have received so many queries concerning my article, "Science Gets the Confession," in your January number, that it has been impossible to answer them all in detail, and I am writing this letter in the hope that its publication in your correspondence column will serve as a general answer to those who were troubled about some of the statements I made. . . .

Most of the queries ran something as follows: "Would not a sensitive person with a blood pressure already abnormally high react guiltily when the lie detector was strapped onto his arm and a critical question asked?"

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Every physician knows that when the blood pressure of a patient is first taken it is abnormally high, due to nervousness and fear. The blood pressure later subsides, and a normal record can be taken. This fact is known by expert criminologists and utilized accordingly.

I hope this clears up the major difficulty that apparently exists in the minds of many readers.

HENRY MORTON ROBINSON
Pleasantville, N. Y.

Edward P. Mulrooney, Chairman of the New York State Division of Alcoholic Beverage Control and formerly Police Commissioner of New York City, writes of Mr. Robinson's article:

. . . For a number of years past many

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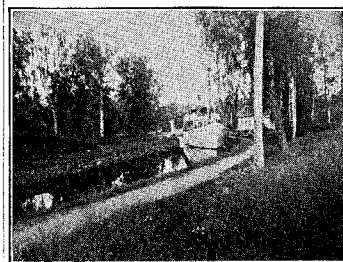
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OUR ROSTRUM

contrivances or similar methods, as described by the writer, have been presented to the New York Police Department as a means of extracting confessions from criminals. In a more recent test a device was applied to four known criminals. In three of the tests the result was an absolute failure, although it was definitely known that the subjects were involved in the crime for which they were apprehended.

It might well be that where the occasional criminal or first offender is subjected to such a test the reaction would be a satisfactory one, whereas when applied to the professional criminal who has made control of his emotions a study of years it would be found that he is too well fortified to react to such experiments.

It may be that science of the future will produce a system or contrivance which will aid in testing the veracity of the statement of a subject, but there will be the further obstacle presented as to the value of such testimony in a court proceeding. . . .

CRIME PREVENTION

Extracts from communications dealing with the January and February editorial forewords, "The Revolt against Crime":

. . . I have for several years felt very strongly that Canada has taken the only sane and sound course with crime. . . .

I once corresponded with a Canadian judge in Toronto. He wrote that in a case

of corporal punishment he prescribes not the rather dreadful "cat" but a strap. This "spanking" is administered on the bared buttocks. The pain, Judge Coates says, is of course less than the humiliation. . . .

But I doubt if American squeamishness and sentimentality will ever be overcome to the extent of making the strap legal. Of course these whippings are private. . . .

MELVIN B. GOODWIN

Philadelphia, Pa.

To the Editor:

. . . The theory that punishment of any kind has ever brought about good results has long since been disproved. Punishment analyzed is found to be revenge, whether the revenge is indulged in by the individual or by the state. Civilized peoples abandon punishment as useless just in so far as they are enlightened along these lines. Witness the gradual abandonment of capital punishment, formerly meted out for the theft of a pocket handkerchief. A penitentiary sentence develops in the prisoner desires for revenge alone upon a society which countenances such barbaric treatment of the victim of its own making.

In advocating flogging or similar chastisement the question arises: who is willing to administer it? Is the Editor of THE FORUM prepared to use the whip upon the bare, quivering flesh of his assailants? If so, place in his hand the cat-o'-nine-

tails! Let him remember, however, that it is not only the victim whose morale is debased but that he who performs the disgraceful act is likewise degraded and his finer sensibilities coarsened and lowered in every way. . . .

ELLEN WINSOR

Bryn Mawr, Pa.

IT'S IN THIS ISSUE

To the Editor:

While it may smack of condemnation prior to a hearing, I am tremendously concerned over the announcement that in the March number of THE FORUM is to appear an article devoted to bullfighting [See "Sportsman from Malaga," by George Marvin, p. 184].

However it be wrapped in glamor, I submit that nothing on the subject, unless of a strictly condemnatory nature, should ever be published by anyone who sets forth as you do a purpose of making a better world in which to live.

That an editor of your far-reaching influence, however innocently, should allow his pages to be subsidized by a group of "sportsmen" persistently and insidiously working to introduce into our country the cruellest sport of the cruellest nation on earth is unfortunate.

Please kill the thing and join that fairly large group which, amid the whirl of PWA, ERA, NRA, and whatnot, still takes time to think of SPCA. . . .

ROBERT W. HERRICK

Providence, R. I.

YOUR UNITED STATES

"America is the only great country that can develop its reconstruction policy on foundations of an inexhaustible wealth. Foreign trade as a whole plays a quite subordinate part in America's fate. America is the only great country that is not threatened in its national existence from outside or in its political structure from within. That is not realized by Americans. The broad solid structure of American democracy is based on deeper foundations. Radicalism can do much in America — except shake them." — *Gustav Stolper* in SURVEY GRAPHIC.

Uncommonly challenging to Americans of every shade of opinion are the articles by *Gustav Stolper*, now appearing monthly in SURVEY GRAPHIC. An economist of international reputation, he is competent to appraise our situation without prejudice. For many years he edited the leading German economic weekly and he was a force in post-war Europe. When the Nazi régime compelled him to abandon his paper he came to America.

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TOASTS

MARGARET SANGER has been active in the fight for legalized birth control for twenty-one years. Last summer she made an extended trip through Russia to study developments there. She is the founder and National Chairman of the Committee on Federal Legislation for Birth Control.

P. W. WILSON is an Englishman, a former member of the House of Commons, who has taken up residence in the United States. Mr. Wilson is a special contributor to the *New York Times*, and articles over his signature appear in leading journals on both sides of the Atlantic.

ANONYMOUS — the author of "I'd Rather Be a Spinster" — spent fourteen years as a teacher in the public schools of Boston. She is now putting the finishing touches on a novel — her second.

MARY M. COLUM is at present lecturing at the University of Miami under the grandiloquent title of Visiting Professor of Literary Criticism.

PETER FLEMING, author of the best sellers *Brazilian Adventure* and *One's Company: A Journey to China*, is currently reported as "somewhere in Russia." He was formerly Literary Editor of the *London Spectator* and is now writing a series of special articles for the *London Times*.

MARGARET FISHBACK is a famous member of Macy's advertising staff. Her work has appeared in leading magazines, and two books of her light verse have been published by Dutton.

LOWELL BRENTANO, a former member of the publishing house of that name, contributes his third article of this series to THE FORUM.

ROSE C. FELD specializes in articles on labor and is the author of two novels and a book on industry. In her spare time she writes book reviews and is a frequent contributor to the *New York Times*.

RAYMOND PEARL is one of America's most famous biologists. His special fields have been statistical in nature, having to do with population growth and longevity. He has been at the Johns Hopkins Medical School in Baltimore for years.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN is a college professor of English whose verse has frequently appeared in THE FORUM.

JACOB H. CONN is a practicing psychiatrist at Johns Hopkins Hospital, specializing at present in a play-method of analysis in cases of nervous children.

RUSSELL HOLT PETERS, a Cornell graduate who has been a newspaperman in Omaha, Nebraska for the past ten years, is particularly interested in transportation problems.

GEORGE MARVIN is another Omaha newspaperman, but something of a wanderer as well. He has been schoolmaster, diplomat, and soldier. He has spent much time in South America and formerly edited a Spanish paper published in this country.

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TOASTS

DAVID CARL COLONY, for many years a teacher at Philadelphia's Episcopal Academy and curate of a fashionable Philadelphia church, last year gave up this work to devote all of his time to a social-rehabilitation project at St. Elizabeth's Church and the missions school allied with it, in the slum section of that city.

RALPH M. PEARSON was trained as an etcher in Chicago art schools. For eight years he has given a highly successful course, at New York's New School for Social Research, on modern pictorial and sculptural art. He is the author of *Experiencing Pictures*.

THEODORE PRATT says he will probably never recover from being known as the man who had to leave Majorca because of a magazine article. The occasion was a piece called "Paradise Enjoys a Boom," which Mr. Pratt wrote for an American monthly, and his house in the island was promptly attacked by a mob which gave every evidence of an urge to lynch the author. But he still writes magazine articles.

RAGNA B. ESKIL edits manuscripts for the bacteriology department of the College of Medicine, University of Illinois, and does a good deal of free-lance magazine writing.

IRENE CASTLE MCLAUGHLIN is the founder of the animal refuge, Orphans of the Storm, at Deerfield, Illinois, and is leading the present battle in Chicago to save stray dogs from vivisection.

MARY M. COLUM will write again for the June FORUM but will not appear in the May issue, as she is rushing to finish a book which Scribner's will publish.

DANIEL R. FITZPATRICK is the widely featured cartoonist of the *St. Louis Post Dispatch*. He keeps very busy inventing ways to run away from his work to shoot ducks and other big game.

DIXON WECTER is an Assistant Professor of English literature at the University of Colorado.

JAMES A. B. SCHERER has lived in the Orient off and on since 1892. Beginning his career as an educator by teaching English in a Japanese school, he has since lectured and written on Oriental questions all over the world.

GARRY C. MYERS thinks he is the only American psychologist of standing who has consistently advocated the hearty walloping of uninhibited children. He is proud of it.

WILSON COMPTON has long been prominent in the lumber industry as a practical economist and champion of conservation.

GERALD HEARD is an Irishman, the author of a number of books on science and religion.

C. A. EDSON is Educational Adviser of the Fourth Corps Area, Civilian Conservation Corps, at Atlanta, Georgia.

NEW WONDERS OF NATURAL SCIENCE
April 1-15

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GAMBLING—Who Wins?
May 3-16

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Gambling — Who Wins? will cover the scope and trend of wholesale wagering — such as lotteries, sweepstakes, etc. Moral and economic consequences of gambling — efforts to promote it and to combat it.

Questioning Youth will endeavor to explore the thinking of modern youth in this and other countries on such questions as unemployment, the New Deal, religion, temperance, Fascism, Communism, and other social and economic problems. Some of the articles will be written by young people who are members of the great youth organizations.

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HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

Next Month and later

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Mary O'Neill

A forthright opinion, by a Roman Catholic, on a question which has long been a subject of controversy. The author has a son who is thinking of studying for the priesthood and naturally feels deeply about this perplexing problem. If her conclusion — that the exercise of lifelong vigilance in repressing normal desires must inevitably be a drain on more constructive talents — is one of disagreement with the majority of Catholic thinking, it does not run counter to Church doctrine but only to Church discipline.

WOMEN IN THE NEW GERMANY

Ruth Frances Woodsmall

The National Socialist ascendancy in Germany has brought with it a revolution in the position of women, as in most other phases of German life. To the ardent feminist, to the progressive or even the conservative American woman this revolution must appear a reaction based on hopelessly outmoded social theories. So, too, it appears to older German

women. For many younger ones, however, leaders in the Hitlerized society, it puts into practice a new and splendid philosophy. Miss Woodsmall knows both these points of view intimately.

OUR NOISY CIVILIZATION

E. E. Free

Just ten years ago *THE FORUM* began a campaign to reduce city noises by sponsoring a noise survey of New York. In the nine years since that time, the world has made more progress in reducing unnecessary noise than in the entire previous century. If clamorous milkmen, rattletrap trucks, flat-wheeled trolleys, and blatant auto horns register unpleasantly on your nerve centers, you will be interested in Mr. Free's remarks on this subject.

THE DEVIL IN THE SAINT

Harry Soderman

Dr. Soderman is one of the foremost students of police and detective methods in the world, and when he says that the case of Angele Laval is one of the most peculiar he has ever known he is conferring upon it a

real — if socially dubious — distinction. Angele Laval was a poisoner in ink and a murderess by proxy, and the tale of how she turned the town of Tulle upside-down is fascinating to read.

THE CHALLENGE OF THE GREEK

T. R. Glover

Here is a brilliant and illuminating essay on the value of classical discipline in an age when education tends more and more to produce a standardized, card-index type of mentality. The ancient Greek was a thoroughgoing individualist — he did his own thinking and has given the world its eternal models in art, literature, and philosophy.

OTHER FEATURES

The second of Aldous Huxley's articles under the title of "Science Views the Supernatural"; "Quick, Watson, the Camera," a discussion of photography in modern crime detection, by Henry Morton Robinson; a second article by Ralph M. Pearson on the condition of pictorial art in America; "Fog on the Sound," a short story by Thomas Rourke.

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THE BOOK PARADE

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THINGS TO LIVE FOR, by Francis Stuart (Macmillan, \$2.50). After the fashion of Rupert Brooke, who catalogued in one of his best-known poems the things that he most loved, Mr. Stuart has concocted an autobiography out of significant recollections. A young Irish novelist, the author of *Pigeon Irish*, *The Coloured Dome*, and other books, Mr. Stuart is one of those people who live with extraordinary intensity. He has a horror of dullness and deadness; again and again he proclaims that one should live deeply and adventurously, that one should belong to the storm troops of life. Thus, in this curious book, he records the moments of heightened joy and anguish which he found sometimes in love, sometimes in an airplane, flying by moonlight, sometimes at his work, and very often on the race track. Horses, indeed, play a large part in his reminiscences, and he has toward them an almost mystical feeling which is at once Irish and individual. *Things To Live For* is a pastiche of sketches, scenes, reflections, fragmentary bits of experience, all tensely felt and vividly described. For some tastes it may seem flowery and over-emotional, but each page bears the impress of a remarkable, an almost Shelleyan personality.

PERSONAL HISTORY, by Vincent Sheean (Doubleday, Doran, \$3.00). Like the *Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens*, this book describes the tempering of a brilliant journalist by contact with political events. When he left the University of Chicago to become a foreign correspondent, Mr. Sheean was a bright, brash young man whose leanings were all towards aestheticism. Experience of war and revolution in a half dozen different countries changed him profoundly and altered his whole attitude toward life. Mr. Sheean was present, precariously, at the Rif war; he became emotionally involved in the Chinese Revolution through his friendship with such left-wing leaders as Borodin and Madame Sun Yat Sen. Moscow, Persia, Palestine—seen at moments of crisis—were included in his itinerary, and everywhere he went he struggled laboriously to establish his own relationship to living history. In this enterprise he was enormously influenced by a red-haired American communist named Rayna Prohme. She, who literally died for her cause, was unable to convert Mr. Sheean to her consecrated brand of Marxism, but she bequeathed him a touchstone by which to judge his world. Packed as it is with exciting adventure, *Personal History* is

actually a story of intellectual growth. It is a mature book—ininitely more so, for example, than the two volumes of Mr. R. Bruce Lockhart—and though Mr. Sheean does not minimize his exploits, he relegates them to secondary place. His autobiography is a rich, arresting, and important piece of work. Coming from a man of thirty-four it is an astonishing achievement.

THE CURTAIN FALLS, by Joseph Verner Reed (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.75). With few qualifications, as he admits, but wealth and a passion for the theater, Mr. Reed turned producer at twenty-six, in partnership with Kenneth Macgowan. Somewhat dazed, he found himself plunged into a lunatic world which conformed to no rules he had learned at Yale. The ambitious new firm purchased plays with reckless fervor, tried to produce several of them simultaneously—this was known as the stagger system—and bruised their collective shins against production schedules, union regulations, and the flamboyant temperaments of their stars. (Unfortunately for their pocketbooks, incidentally, they set up shop just before the crash.) Candidly and with a fine, rueful humor Mr. Reed describes these misadventures, recounts the history of such notable productions as *Children of Darkness*, and tells some particularly amazing yarns about Mary Ellis and Jane Cowl. Although it is given to naïveté, *The Curtain Falls* is an engaging book. It really initiates one into a mysterious world and does so with infectious zest. Mr. Reed loves the theater, even though he has said farewell to it, and in his modesty he scarcely gives his firm full credit for the substantial achievements of its brief career.

THE IRON MOTHER, by Charles Braibant (Harper, \$2.50). In the solid, realistic tradition of Balzac and the Goncourts, M. Braibant has written an exceptionally fine novel of French provincial life during the nineteenth century. Marlise, a prosperous peasant who is the leader in her tiny community, wrecks the life of her only son because of her avarice and her lust for power. Aimé has no talent for business, and weakly permits his mother to control the little fortune which is rightly his due. He becomes a drifter and a dilettante, lacking the courage, even, to tell his mother that he has in Paris a mistress and a son whom he is eager to legitimize. The long process of Aimé's disintegration is beautifully handled, but

THE BOOK PARADE

this silver-cord theme is subordinate in interest to M. Braibant's extraordinary picture of a little French village. Pargny, with its rich fields and slow, suspicious peasants, is the real core of a book which is vastly more substantial and more important than the average French novel.

FAREWELL TO FIFTH AVENUE, by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. (Simon & Schuster, \$2.75). It is a matter of taste whether one finds this valedictory funny, offensive, or pathetic. Repeating the substance of his previous books, Mr. Vanderbilt tells what it is like to be a poor little rich boy. As a child young Neil was petted by bankers and crowned heads and was insulated from crass reality on his father's yacht. Then, proudly rebellious, he broke away from good society. After a taste of war he plunged into the newspaper business, managed a chain of tabloids without success, and then sank appropriately into the arms of Hearst. His present book is largely devoted to fulminations against Fifth Avenue and to a profession of radicalism which boils down to the fact that he thinks well of the New Deal. He has some amusing inside stuff to tell — particularly concerning the terrors of the rich at the prospect of revolution — and he demolishes front-page personalities with delighted zeal, but his book is scarcely the important social document which his publishers bill it to be. Young Mr. Vanderbilt is still a snob at heart, and, though he has met and mingled with the great, the impressions left upon him are hopelessly trivial.

OLLIE MISS, by George Wylie Henderson (Stokes, \$2.50). Neither sordid nor cloyingly picturesque, *Ollie Miss* is a simple story of some cotton-belt Negroes whose existence is unusually self-contained. Ollie, a strange, handsome, reticent girl, wanders into their little community, and is taken on as a field hand. Her beauty, her secrecy, and her proud independence attract attention at once, but she remains an enigma, even to the men who fall in love with her, until her stormy personal drama is suddenly revealed. Mr. Henderson, himself a Negro, writes with beauty and veracity. His characters have a dignity which the fictional Negro seldom achieves, and his descriptions of life on a small, Negro-owned plantation, are sharp, fresh, and very fine.

YEARS OF PLUNDER, by Proctor W. Hansl (Smith & Haas, \$2.50). A chronicle of financial piracy from 1900 to the present day, *Years of Plunder* summarizes the great scandals and the great delusions of the past three decades. Here, in brief form, one may read the story of the trusts, of war profiteering, of Kreuger, Mitchell, Insull, Wiggin, and other impresarios of



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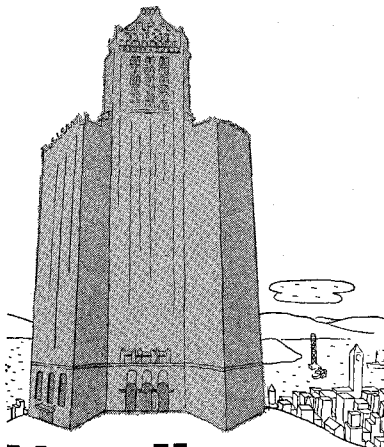
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the boom. One may measure the greed and chicanery which was rampant before the crash and one may—if endowed with equal optimism—share Mr. Hansl's conclusion that a new day is dawning. Factually this is a useful book, compact and orderly, but it lacks the brilliance of *The Robber Barons*, is stodgily written, and contains little that is new. It is a pity, moreover, that Mr. Hansl is so vague in his prescription for a better future.

WE JEWS, by George E. Sokolsky (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50). Hitler, it is generally admitted, has strengthened the bonds between Jews of all nations. He has opened the way to such a re-examination of the Jewish problem as Mr. Sokolsky—like Lewis Browne before him—has attempted in this book. A shrewd journalist, Mr. Sokolsky has much to say about anti-Semitism, its cause and cure, and, though his counsels to his own race may seem to err in the direction of too propitiatory an attitude, he certainly helps to clear the air. His analysis of social and economic discrimination in America is excellent, as is his exposure of false notions on the part of both Jew and Gentile. He trails off, however, into a rather cloudy sponsorship of "spiritual" Zionism, a solution which offers little practical help. Not as stimulating or witty a book as *How Odd of God, We Jews* sticks closer to proven facts than Mr. Browne and has distinct value as an elementary summary.

THE DOCTOR'S SON AND OTHER STORIES, by John O'Hara (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50). Written in the same swift, clean prose as *Appointment in Samarra*, these stories reaffirm the author's position as a leader of the hard-boiled school. Most of them are very brief, and many of them come from the *New Yorker*, but the title story and one or two others indicate that Mr. O'Hara has potentialities which he may or may not fulfill. At the lowest estimate, he is a superb technician and reporter, who has chosen to concentrate on human fatuity without pronouncing a moral judgment. His work is a little brassy and empty, but within its own limitations it is first-rate.

WOMEN ON THEIR OWN, by Olga Knopf (Little, Brown, \$2.75). Dr. Knopf, a Viennese psychiatrist and physician, discusses with extraordinary common sense the relation of women to the modern world. She examines the false attitudes and prejudices which impair their chances of marriage, the factors which prevent them from being happy when they do marry, their conduct toward their men and women friends, the obstacles which they face in their work, the sense of inferiority which hampers them in a thousand ways. Dr. Knopf, though not a crusading feminist,

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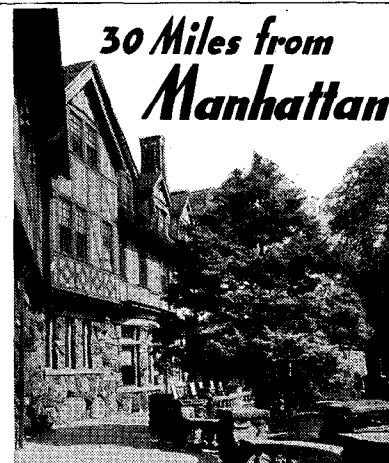
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SHINING AND FREE, by G. B. Stern (Knopf, \$2.50). Another volume in the *Matriarch* series, *Shining and Free* describes a single day in the life of that incredible old woman, Anastasia Rakonitz. At eighty-eight the Matriarch is still flamboyant, domineering, arrogant, impulsively eager for adventure, and more than a match for the younger members of her family. This account of her fantastic exploits is as savory as its predecessors, and woven into a story which is actually rather slight are nostalgic memories of the Rakonitz past. Anastasia lives in a dream world of past glory. She comes of a glamorous family of cosmopolitan Jews, whose rich legend is part of her present. Miss Stern always romanticizes and exaggerates, but, like all the volumes in the Rakonitz saga, *Shining and Free* is grand fun to read.

THE CONQUEST OF THE MAYA, by J. Leslie Mitchell (Dutton, \$3.75). Theories about the ancient Mayas of Yucatan are almost as hopelessly tangled as the vines and creepers that thrive upon the ruins of their temples. Mr. Mitchell attempts to clear away this archaeological underbrush and reveal coherently the vast significance of their extraordinary civilization, in the light of recent discoveries. To read his book is an intellectual adventure that impels one to seek further thrills among the books he lists in his reference bibliography.

VICTORIAN FAMILY ROBINSON, by Beatrice Grimshaw (Longmans, \$2.00). With sly humor and a deliberately mannered charm, Miss Grimshaw recounts the adventures of some Victorian gentlefolk who were shipwrecked on the way to Australia. Crinolined and whiskered, as befitted 1865, they found it difficult to behave with propriety on a tiny desert island — and still more difficult to cope with the savages of English descent who eventually carried them off. Romance and satire blend neatly in this very diverting tale, and though the latter half of the book is out of key with the earlier chapters — and, incidentally, not nearly so good — Miss Grimshaw has a beautiful time with her castaways.

FOLLOW THE FURIES, by Eleanor Carroll Chilton (Bobbs-Merrill, \$2.50). A tragic story but not a morbid one, *Follow the Furies* raises a number of teasing problems. Barbara Linton, the daughter of a novelist who believes in logic and the intellect, has been taught from childhood to

use her own judgment. When her mother is stricken with a terrible and incurable disease, Barbara poisons her to save her from suffering. Thereafter, however, she is haunted by her deed, and the emotional heritage of her Catholic mother rises up to conflict with her father's teaching. Miss Chilton does a superb job with Hugh Linton, as amazing an egotist as one could find in fiction, and does almost equally well by the tormented Barbara. She has written an exciting and sensitive novel, which is not nearly so melodramatic as its theme might suggest.

SILVER COLLAR BOY, by Constance Wright (Dutton, \$2.00). A small, devoted black boy gives his name to this tale of eighteenth-century England. Pompey was the pampered favorite of a lady of quality and wore a collar with the legend, "To Belliza I am Slave." His portrait was painted with hers, and, when she abandoned him because of an intrigue with the artist, Pompey's uneasy shade haunted the family for generations after. Exquisitely polished, never too artificial for poignance, *Silver Collar Boy* has all the charm of legend. It recreates in miniature a lost, lovely world of frivolous belles and beaux.

THIS WAS IVOR TRENT, by Claude Houghton (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50). In the elusive, half-mystical fashion which is peculiar to him, Mr. Houghton tells the story of a novelist who was an enigma to his friends. Ivor Trent scarcely appears on the scene himself, but while he lies ill in a lodging house, where he has secretly written all his books, men he has known and women he has loved play out a strange drama that centers round him. The book drifts into anticlimax, but for the most part it is curiously absorbing and has something of the appeal of a detective story spiritualized and refined.

SEASON TICKET, by Margaret Iles (Harper, \$2.00). A group of commuters in a London suburb yield their secrets to Miss Iles if not to one another. Traveling each day in the intimacy of the same compartment, these six know less than one might suspect of their companions' private dramas. Two romances, one of them sterile, result from this railroad fellowship, but all of the six, whatever their destinies, remain somewhat frustrated and lonely. Miss Iles has chosen types which mirror perfectly the lives of little people the world over.

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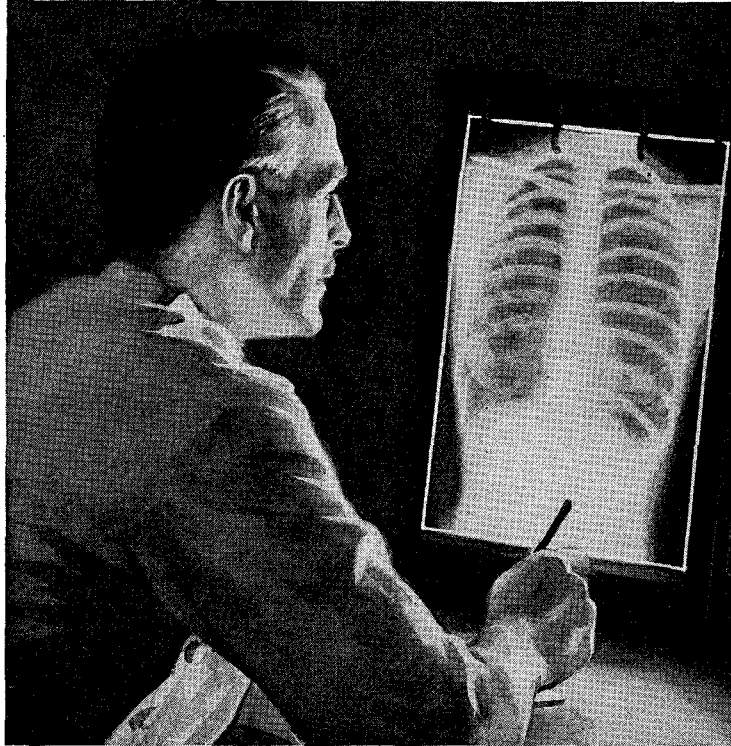
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